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THE

BANDITTI,

OR,

A Ladies Diſtreſs.

A PLAY, Acted at the

Theatre-Royall.

Written by Mr. *D'URFEY.*

Non omnes arbuſta juvant humileſque myricæ. Virg.

Licenſed,
March 1. 168⅚. *R. L.S.*

ondon, Printed by *J. B.* for *R. Bentley* at the *Poſt-*
Houſe in *Ruſſell-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, and
J. Hindmarſh at the *Golden-Ball* in *Cornhill*, over
againſt the *Royall-Exchange*, 1686.

BANDITTI.

A Ladies Difirels.

Theatre-Royall.

The PROLOGUE.

THanks to kind Stars that help us at our needs
I'me of a Sex that uſes to Succeed;
Therefore dare boldly tell ye as a Friend,
Critticks this Night your Empire's at an End.
Long have you led Proud Arbitrary Loves;
And us'd poor Wit juſt as ye uſe your Wives;
Strange Creatures who will Wedded be to Since:
Yet Grudge to give it due Benevolence.
Nature in this ſome ſignal Shame has meant:
Beau *Crittick every way is Impotent;*
His dreſs Creates his Genius, and his Soul
Lies in the well-ſtuff'd Pudding of his Roll.
Too Well we find in theſe ſad Latter days,
That Wit's in th'Wane and every thing decays;
Never was Vice ſo Cheap as here of late:
Poor Whore for three-pence Supps on Chocolate;
And frugally you treat the Punch diſguis'd,
While each by Father Few is Naturaliz'd:
I hope the Law will find out Cauſe enough
Ere long to make it Treaſon to take Snuff;
We all agree Strong ſcent the Brain decays,
And want of Brains makes you cry down our Plays;
No, Cries a Reſty dry'd-up Debauchee
(Whoſe Lewd days paſt) now finds all Vanity;
Their Plays are Cramm'd with ſuch a Bawdy Rout,
Damme if I've the Face to ſit 'em out;
Yet this Nice Spark whoſe Modeſt Taſt we pall,
Shall ſit Two Hours admiring Poſture-Mall:
The Poet therefore at the Ladies feet
Now throws his Play, and ſlights the Partial Pit:
A Pretty Tale with Art and Labour wrought,
Calm as their Paſſions, Modeſt as each Thought;
Upon my Credit no Lewd Word is there,
If you dare truſt the Credit of a Player:
He begs you will your Conquering Forces uſe
Againſt the Dragons of the Lower Houſe,
To Pleaſure whom he not One Scene contrives,
No, if a Smutty Scene would ſave their Lives.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Garcia,	*Captain of the Kings Guards.*	*Mr.* Gillow.
Don Antonio,	*His Son.*	*Mr.* Kinaſton.
Don Fernand,	*Son to* Eugenia, *Suppos'd Murd.r'd,*	*Mr.* Williams.
Don Ariell,	*Brother to* Eugenia,	*Mr.* Leigh.
Don Diego,	*Suppos'd Son to* Don Ariell,	*Mr.* Underhill.
Signior Friſco,	*An Affected Spaniſh Taylor,*	*Mr.* Jevan.
Leon,	*Captain of the* Banditti.	*Mr.* Griffin.
Corigidore,		*Mr.* Harris.
Domingo,	*A Souldier attending on* Don Garcia.	*Mr.* Low.
Grillon,	*Servant to* Don Antonio.	
Lopez,	*A Mathematician.*	*Mr.* Percival.

WOMEN.

Eugenia,	*An Old Lady Siſter to* Don Ariell,	*Mrs.* Cory.
Lawra,	*Daughter to* Eugenia,	*Mrs.* Barrer.
Dona Elvira,	*A Rich Heireſs.*	*Mrs.* Cooke.
Lucia,	*Confident to* Lawra,	*Mrs.* Percival.
Chriſtina,	*Woman to* Dona Elvira.	*Mrs.* Twiford.
Megæra,	*Wife to* Leon,	*Mr.* Ja. Nokes.

Banditti, Dancers, Muſicians, Officers, *and* Attendents.

The Scene MADRID.

THE

TO THE

Extreme Witty, and Judicious Gentleman,

Sir Critick-Cat-call.

SIR,

'TIs *with no ſmall ſhame and reluctancy, that I preſume to trouble your recreative, thoughtleſs hours, with receiving into your Charity, a poor* Out caſt Orphan, *Or, as I may more properly term it, an* Abortive Piece of Matter, *which was ſo* Plannet-ſtruck, *and* Curs'd *from its Creation, that it had not time to look abroad into this* Correct World of Criticks *and* Judges, *but was Stiff'd in its very Birth, by* Malevolent Influence, *and Suffer'd under the Weight of your* particular Condemnation, *and* Dreadfull Sentence, *almoſt as ſoon as it was ſo unhappy to have a Being.*

Sir, *You will, no doubt, reflect a little, and wonder, why amongſt all Mankind, I ſhould pick out you to do my ſelf the Honour of Addreſſing this* Dedication *to But alas—— tho' you may to our Terrour be call'd the* Scourge of Poets, *in hind'ring us from the* Subſtantial Effects *of a* Genius, (Viz.) *Our* Profits, *Yet you are but meanly Skill'd in our* Philoſophical *and* Subtile Scents, *when our faculties are employ'd in Noſing out a* Patron, *of which there are but two ſorts that our Stars Ordain us to be Concern'd with; and thoſe are your* Viſible *and* Inviſible: *Your* Viſible Patron, *is* Your Wit, Your Critick, Your Zulk-me Hu'lock, *Your* Man of Publick fame *&* Allowance, *whoſe ſollid* Standard, Sence, Reputation, *or (what's yet better) whoſe* Party *ſhall ſecure your* Labour *from* Abuſes, *and your* Purſe *from the worſt of*

Scandal, a Vacuity. *Your* Patron *Inviſible is your* Perſon of Riches *and* Power, *Your* Man of Acres *and* Affectation, *who Loves his* Opinion *to an Invincible Degree, and who is too much* a Wit *himſelf to reward it in others, and never could with a ſafe Conſcience commend any* Poetry *but his Own, or could think any Work, tho' Dawb'd with a* Dedication *in his* Praiſe, *as thick as the Paint on Mrs —— face, deſerv'd a return beyond* I thank you Friend, *tho' the* Drudge *had perhaps for Six Months taken pains, and Starv'd, to Divert him with an ingenious* Entertainment; *Or in ſome* Panegyrick, *made his* Muſe *Sweat, to Defend his* Worſhips Pedigree, Virtues, Honeſty, Courage, *&c. that could never have the Conſcience to do ſo much for themſelves, and yet have the impudence to neglect their poor* Benefactor; *and this I think I may properly term an* Inviſible Patron. *But Sir, to come home to you, and for fear of Digreſſing too far, 'tis in the firſt Sort of theſe that you are plac'd; You are* Viſibility it ſelf, *and your* Never-Dying Fame *and* Reputation *amongſt the* Wits, *nay the* Cock-Criticks *of the* Times, *have forc'd me to throw my ſelf upon you; for as my friend* Bayes *ſays*; His Play is his Touch ſtone, if a man like it, he knows what to think of him; if not, Your Servant Sir,— *So your* Cenſure *is my* Touch ſtone *too; and if when you* Hiſs, *and the reſt of the* Knights-Whifflers *follow in* Order, *like a* Troup of Carriers Horſes *after the* Leading Bell, *it is a* Convincing Sign *to me of your* Popularity *and* Merit, *by whoſe* Aid, *a* Poet *muſt ſeek to New-prop his* Falling-Edifice: *And therefore ſhould (as I have done) preſently Addreſs to you, as his* Patron.

'Tis a great Weakneſs in any Author *that Writes to this poynant Age of* Wits (*and* wou'd-be-Wits) *to build upon his own Judgment tho' never ſo good, any work that he has not firſt Communicated to the Cenſuring and Infallible Party.* Laureats *themſelves have ſometimes Miſcarry'd by being Guilty of this* Obſtinacy; *and tho' I am not ſo fortunate to know how to Flatter an* Audience, *nor have the wretched Skill to beg the* Gen'rous Town *to come and pity* Me *or* My Play; *Yet Sir, I am not ſo little a Lover of my ſelf, but that I can readily follow* good Examples *to do my ſelf a kindneſs, the narrow 'Scape my* Credit *made in not being ruin'd by* your Diſpleaſure, *makes too ſtrong an impreſſion*

preſſion in my mind, to let me eaſily forget it: and when your Dreadfull Sentence iſſu'd out, of— This muſt be a Confounded *Play*, there's none of us that I hear has any thing in it, no not ſo much as a Song—— Mum Bug—— the Poet's an Impudent fellow, come let's go and Damn it.—— *When this* Severe Doom *I ſay, came* Thund'ring *out againſt me, 'twas well my* Benigne Stars *had not reduc'd me to the Want of a* Diſh of Meat, *or a* Bottle, *as you gen'rouſly Deſign'd, for had I been deſtitute of thoſe* Comforts, *nay, had it been Stretch'd to the Extremeſt part of* Neceſſity, *your* Tyrannical Humour *had ſtill gone on, with*—— Dam him, We'le make theſe fellows know who they are Oblig'd to: *So much Spirit of Sordid Nature, there lies in the Whimſical Pate of a* Wit, *that is of his own, and not God Almightys making. Here I muſt Confeſs* Sir, *I cannot help digreſſing from your* Incomium *a little, to reflect upon the* Stages Misfortune, *in being* Diſgrac'd *and* Confounded *even by her own* Off ſpring, *to whoſe quantity of Brains, and Portion of Senſe, ſhe has allways added*; *Nay often when no Rules, or Methods of* Univerſities, *or* Schools, *could inform the* Humane Soul, *or* Influence *a* Dunce *with more* Sence *then he was Swath'd in, for* Schools *ſeldom inſpire* Youth *with* Wit, *unleſs it has firſt a Fund of its Own,*

And *Colleges* Create no Brains we know,
Dunces come back as Genuine as they go.

Dramatick Poetry, *and* Gracefull Action *has with a* piercing influence *Cultivated the* Barren Soyl, *& made it fit to produce the* Choiceſt fruits, *tho'* folly *&* ill-Husbandry *afterwards, left it to be choak'd with* Nettles *and* Brambles, *thus is the poor* Stage *wounded by the very Sword ſhe lends, and thoſe very Mouths that in the Days of* Yore, *like* Callow-Snipes, *ſat gaping to Swallow the inſtructions of* Poets, *like the Picture of* Homer *ſpewing upon his* Pupills, *now Sated with the Diet that has nouriſh'd 'em to a degree of being fit for* Converſation, *ungratefully employ 'em to her* Diſgrace, *and* Confuſion; *and this the World knows Sir, you are moſt famous for, tho' with as little reaſon as the reſt, for that being not us'd, is*

not Material; Besides having formerly made use of your Half-Crown, and a good Shift too, wanting matter of your own, to Carry away some Scraps of the Play to Court your Mistress with; and tho' I have more manners then to Rank you among the Snipes above mention'd, yet with Submission to you, I cannot help saying, that I have observ'd you your self to Sit with your Mouth open, as if you wanted a few more of Gods blessings: But see the strange Revolutions of a few Years Improv'd by a quick Capacity, and the Stages Assistance; (for Sir, you would never have found out her Spots had not she her self lent you a Telescope) your Stomach is now grown so queazy, that the Muses Diet tho' Dress'd as well as formerly, will not go down, quia nil rectum nisi quod placuit sibi ducunt, as Horace says. Jobson the Coblers Wife is now a much better Character then Sempronia or Abigail.

You are for some new Kickshaw of your own Modelling, and for reforming by force, with Noise, and the potent Batt'ring-Rams of (It must and shall be so.) You are just like the Carpenter, that being taken among the Rebels in the late Western-Tumult, and being ask'd how he intended to alter the Government; answer'd, with his Hatchet, having it seems no other Weapon in his hand to fight with. But if (like him Sir) you intend to work a Reformation on Wit, Arbitrarily with your Hatchet, 'tis reasonable you should whet it sharper then formerly, for by the Milder way of the Pen, I know it is below you to undertake it, nor indeed with Submission to your better Judgment would I advise you; for Sir, it would undervalue your Sence to Write if you were able, and therefore Providence, and Nature, for your quiet and Security, have Cautiously design'd the Contrary: For I've observ'd that Criticks generally, tho' they are very Dragons at their Censures, yet they are but poor Devils at Poetry.

This Sir, tho' it may in some sort seem a reflection, yet is not in the least done with a Design to lessen or invalidate your Understanding or Esteem in the Worlds Opinion, but rather to express my particular Admiration, and pay my Homage to your prosperous Stars, and Prodigious Fortune: For Sir, were you as ill a Poet as Withers, Flecknoe, Hopkins, Sternhold, or one that I have heard of, who ingeniously Insinuates, or as good as tells us he has himself

himself an indisputable Title to Wit *because he kept a* Wit Company; *Did you move, I say Sir, in the same Sphere with these, and were your Brains twice as insignificant as Providence has been pleas'd to make 'em, yet as the World goes now, you were not a jot the worse* Critick, *for 'tis* Observation *is your* Essential part, *and if you hit but that right, 'tis no matter for Judgment. You have gain'd the main point, and may set up as soon as you please*

Thus, as a Bird with Plumage newly dress'd
Callow and Cold, just tumbl'd from his Nest
Reels to and fro, not knowing how to fly,
But with Ungratefull Chatt'ring fills the Sky,
'Till by some knowing Brother of the Wood
The Use of his Gay Wings are Understood,
So have I seen a Cockrill of the Pit,
Learn how to fly by watching some fam'd Wit.
He marks his Laugh, or Clap, and ev'ry frown,
And in his Note-Book sets the Places down;
That this true Standard Judgment of the *Play*,
Might stamp him for a *Wit* another day,
'Till vain at last he on himself relies,
And plagues the Affronted Audience with his Noise.

I hope Sir, You'll forgive a little Digression, and Harmless Raillery in Verse, Especially when it does not the least Damage to your Credit *and* Reputation; *for the Wit of your Observation, Certainly does your Business, as well as if it sprung from the Sollidity of your Judgment, or real knowledge of the Matter; for knowledge as it is not Customary amongst you that set up for* Criticks, *so truly in my Opinion it is not Material. And now Sir, to Exalt your* Fame *to a more Conspicuous heighth then ever, I am foolishly going to Condemn my self, and shew my* Friends (*that did me the honour to appear, and with Unbias'd Judgments were pleas'd to Vote favourably on my side*) *my own Errors,* which I would no more Impudently defend or Excuse my self, then I would deserve to have 'em unreasonably expos'd by Others: *The distress of the* Story *was hinted to me by the* Late Blessed King *of ever glorious Memory,*

History, from a Spaniſh Tranſlation, *and tho' I was advis'd to call the* Play, *the* Banditti, *or* Sbanditti, *becauſe of the Newneſs of the* Title, *and lay the* Scene *in* Spain *inſtead of the Kingdom of* Naples, *yet the more proper Title wou'd ha' been the* Spaniſh Out-Laws, *tho' in ſuch a Caſe as this, in* Dramatick-Poetry, *I think any* Poet *may do as he pleaſes, Eſpecially ſince* Naples *is Subſtitute to the* King *of* Spain *as well as* Madrid. *Ill fate has he that Studies three or four Months (nay Years with ſome) to divert a* Party, *that muſt be Complemented to be Civil, and uſe the Piece with reaſonable Modeſty, which he has taken ſo much pains in, and which they (if their* Noddles *had a Dram of Conſideration) were Oblig'd to favour, even for the* Ladies *ſakes, or the ingenious part of the* Audience *that come thither without prejudice, for my Own part, I was ſo unlucky to hope, that tho' my* Play *might be too long, which is a general fault amongſt us, and not to be remedy'd 'till the firſt day is over, and tho' ſome* Scenes *might ſeem Tedious 'till it was ſhorten'd, which is allways the Second Days work, yet I had the Confidence to think, that the Variety of a* pretty Tale, *a good* Plot, *not very* ungratefull Characters, *and I am ſure very* good Muſick, *both* Vocal *and* Inſtrumental, *with* Vaulting, Dancing, *and all that I cou'd think of to pleaſe, might have oblig'd 'em to a* Civil Sufferance, *tho' not a liking: but in the Contrary your prejudice took vent, even before the* Play *began; the* Actors *were Diſturb'd, and cou'd not perform, particularly in the* Second Act: *After which the* Scenes *were all promiſcuouſly decry'd both good and bad, the* Songs *and* Muſick *hoop'd and whiſtl'd at, tho' they have ſince been* Sung *in ſeveral other* Plays *with* generall Applauſe, *which I think ſufficiently diſcovers the ungenerous* Malice, *and poor partiallity that was us'd: yet only to ſhew the Itch of* Vitiated Affections, *one* Mock-Song *that hit the* Farſical Humour, *becauſe there was nothing in't took extreamly,* (Viz.)

From drinking of *Sack* by the Pottle,
Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, Thrum.

The greateſt plague a Mule *can be infected with, is ill Nature, and I hardly ever yet found any one ſo mean and helpleſs, but if he had will to revenge an abuſe, at one time or other found Occaſion to do it, only you Sir, I muſt Confeſs are exempted, for you give your* half-Crown *meerly to ſhew your ſelf, rail wittily as you think, and when you have had your pennyworth of your own noiſe, make your* Exit *as well Conteated as any man Breathing, and what a Devil has any* Poet *to ſay to this?*

All my Misfortune is, that the Play *being ſo well lik'd at the Rehearſals, that it paſs'd always with general Applauſe from all that had parts Conſiderable; Nay, what is an infallible Signe of their Opinion of it; the Body-Politick put themſelves to expence and Conſiderable Charge to ſet it out; which conſidering a certain loſs they lately had, I think was little leſs then a Miracle, and yet after all this to have it ſink under your rebuke: Truly Sir, if I had not Fortify'd very well that Night, you had infallibly made a ſtrong Battery upon my Patience——*

In former times a Play *of* Humour, *or with a* good Plot *wou'd certainly pleaſe, but now a* Poet *muſt find out a third way, and adapt his* Scenes *and* Story *to the* Genius *of the* Critick, *if he'l have it paſs; he'l have nothing to do with your dull* Spaniſh Plot, *for whilſt he's rallying with the* Orange-Wench, *the Buſ'neſs of the* Act *gets quite out of his Head, and then 'tis* (Damme what ſtuff's this? here's neither head nor Tail to't.)

Poetry *in all times has been Liable to Cenſure; the* Old Romans *in the time of* Roſcius, *were us'd to* Criticize, *but then 'twas modeſtly, to* Inſtruct, Inform, *and not abuſe the* Poet, *or his Work: And then we find* Terence *in* Hecyra *Complaining that they* Hiſs'd *his* Play, *tho'* Scipio, Affricanus, *and* Lelius *aſſiſted him; But in no Age of the World I ever read of* Catterwauling Criticks, *but ours: And therefore, as* Henry the Eighth *ſaid to* Dr. Butts, *that ſhew'd him the* Arch-Biſhop Cranmer *waiting among the Footmen at the* Councel-Chamber Door, *to be admitted,* (Is this the way they uſe one another? 'tis well there's one above 'em) *ſo I Confeſs I am very glad* there is one above 'em *that I have ſome reaſon to believe will* Patronize Arts *as well as* Arms. *To Conclude, I dare not be ſo partial to my ſelf, but to own*

there

there are a great many faults in the Enſuing Play, *which I ſhould have been glad to have been Ingeniouſly inform'd of, and inſtructed to amend.*—— Nam vitiis nemo ſine Naſcitur, optimus ille eſt Qui minimis urgetur: *But there were none (I dare poſitively affirm) that deſerv'd the* Abuſe *it Suffer'd; This Sir, I Confeſs has a little* Rowz'd *my* Spleen, *and Urg'd me to preſent you with this* Rallying Diſcourſe, *to do my ſelf a little Juſtice, without Offence to you or to any Cauſleſs Enemy, whom I never Wrong'd, nor have reaſon to hate or fear, being under your* Protection, *and allways Subſcribing my ſelf,*

Sir,

Your Humble, very Humble,

Pupill and Servant,

T. D'urfey.

THE

THE BANDITTI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don Garcia *with a* Servant, *and* Don Antonio *at another Door with a* Servant.

Don Gar.

Domingo.

Serv. My Lord.

Don Gar. Bid a Footman run to Court, and know what Hour in the Morning the Engliſh Embaſſadour has his Audience, he ſhall find me at my Houſe, ſo Sir,— *Exit Servant.*
What new Game is this you have found out, that you are Ferreting hereabouts?

Anton. My Lord, I was only going to pay a Viſit to the Old Lady here, I hope your Lordſhip will give me leave to ſhow my breeding, there can be no danger my Lord in an Old Lady, you know.

D. Gar. No Sir, but this Old Lady has a Young Lady to her Daughter, that by your Extraordinary Vertues may perhaps, fall into ſome danger:— Come Come, Sir, pray go back with me, you go no further this way, I aſſure ye.

Anton. A Young Lady ſay ye my Lord.

D. Gar. Ay Sir, Young, and Beautifull, and like an Excellent Inſtrument juſt in Tune, but not to be play'd on by your Worſhip Sir. March, March on Sr, I have other Buſineſs for ye.

Anton A Young Lady! Bleſs her Beauty, and defend her Chaſtity, I beſeech Heaven; My Lord my buſineſs is with her Mother.

D. Gar. Neither Mother, nor Daughter, at this time upon my Honour, Sir.

D. Anton. I beſeech your Lordſhip, Let me Go, I have not paid a Viſit, nor been Civil to her, ſince I came from Travell.

D. Gar. No Sir, but you paid a Viſit and was uncivil to her Yeſterday Morning, Sir, do not you know that a Lyar ſhould be Cudgel'd, were not you with a Troop of Thrumming Guittarr Thraſhers, Prophaning the Sun and Moon and Stars, in a Lewd Serenade before her Window laſt Night?

D. Anton. How in the Name of all the Witches in *Spain* comes he to know that? Now do I faithfully believe this Old Gamester, my Father has an Intrigue with her Reverend Ladiſhip; and therefore has maliciouſly reſolv'd not to Confound Generations with his unfortunate Son. [*aſide.*]

D. Gar. But ſhe is better Satisfy'd then before, for I have done you the favour Sir, to give her your Character.

D. Anton. I humbly thank ye Sir, I find I am oblig'd to ye for more things then my begetting.

D. Gar. Sir, I have done ye reaſon in every thing, and firſt to begin with the Roll of your Qualifications, I told her you had lately been in *France* and *England*, and were to my Great Comfort return'd a moſt Extraordinary Fop; Sir, what think ye, did I not do ye Juſtice?

D. Anton. Yes faith did'ſt thou Old Lad, if thou knew'ſt all, for if a Fop wont go down with a fair Lady, as times go, their Bloſſoms of Beauty will fade unmercifully to my knowledge. [*aſide.*]

D. Gar. That you were a Great Drunkard I told her too, Sir.

D. Anton. I thank ye heartily Sir, I am Infinitely indebted to ye.

D. Gar. And were ſo very, very Lewd, that you might this Inſtant have the Pox for any thing I knew.

D. Anton. Your Servant Sir, an Extreme fine Character indeed.

D. Gar. And laſtly, that I may leave none of your perfections diſguis'd from ye, Sir.

D. Anton. Why faith 'twere a pitty ſuch Virtues ſhould be ſtifled, that's the truth on't. Will your Lordſhip be pleaſed to let me give a Character of you?

D. Gar. Sir, I think I might ſtand the Severity of your Satyr, if I did.

D. Anton. Gad don't truſt me Sir, for I am damnably Spleenatick at this time; —— I ſhall Jerke Sir, therefore don't truſt me.

D. Gar. The Spleen's a Good ſign, you ſhould grow Wiſe by that, but to the purpoſe: I laſtly told her, that inſtead of what I bred you, a Martial Man; you were grown a Maſquerader; and inſtead of the Manly Flute, Loved the Feminine Fiddle: A Tumbling Whore, better then a Trumpet: That you were ever drunk when you ſhould be getting Honour, and had as live hear the Devil as a Drum, Sir.

D. Anton. I am your Oblig'd Son Sir.—— Would he wou'd beat me now, that I might have the liberty to Curſe a little. [*aſide.*]

D. Gar.

D. Gar. And as a Close of all it was Resolv'd, and Concluded by both Parties, that I should keep this Young Lady——

D. Anton. To your self Sir.

D. Gar. At a distance from you Sir.

D. Anton. Why then the Devill take me, my Lord, if you do me not the greatest wrong imaginable, knowing my Addresses are tended to the fair *Elvira* the Lady you made Choice of for me.

D. Gar. And to the fair and Charming *Lawra* too, Sir. Come come, along along, Sir.

D. Anton. Pox on't, there's no getting to her well, however I'le Write I am resolv'd, and that instantly.—— Follow me Sirrah.

D. Gar. Along I say Sir, along. [*Exit Antonio.*]

Enter Don Fernand *poorly habitted with a Commission in his hand.*

Don Fern. My Good Lord.

Don Gar. O my new Officer, give ye Joy Sr, I see you have your Commission.

D. Fern. For which I am to thank your Lordships favour and Interest with the King; now I do Live indeed, whilst I am lifted to this Post of Honour, and wear a Sword and Soul devoted to your Service.

D. Gar. Sr, you o're-rate the kindness I have done ye.

D. Fern. Oh my Lord, may the Eternall Show'r his blessings on ye, your years be many, and all Crown'd with Deathless honour; for never sprang such noble Charity, such Generous, such unexampled Goodness, in any breast but yours.

D. Gar. Come, Come, no more of this: I Lov'd thee for thy Virtues, I saw thy Love to Arms and I encourag'd it.

D. Fern. Give my tongue leave, my Lord, to pay my thanks, or else the world will brand my base Ingratitude; when for the space of Seventeen Rowling Years I had worn out an afflicted Life under all the Miseries Ungovern'd Youth is Liable to; you took me, gave me Arms, supply'd my Wants, and with your God-like Eyes would see no Scandal in my Poverty.

D. Gar. All which thou hast deserv'd by thy good Service; nay, should I speak as gratefully as thou dost, upon my Soul much more is due to thee: but prethee, my good friend, let us leave this discourse, and perfect the Relation of thy Parents, for 'till now I never had leisure to hear it out.

D. Fern. My Parents, as I told your Lordship, were mean and obscure, and such as I must with shame own, had Vices far more contemptible then the wretchedness of their State.

D. Gar. Were they not Honest?

D. Fern. I know not but I fear, yet some Commands which I have had from them might Justify that fear, for most unnaturall they were

to me, and always hated me.

D. Gar. For no Cause?

D. Fern. No Just Cause my Lord, only because I would not lead a Course of Life my Conscience told me was not warrantable.

D. Gar. And so you left 'em.

D. Fern. Some Six months since, to List my self a Soldier where you found me.

D. Gar. I found thee bravely in the field; I found thee stept in the blood of Foes, and from that moment receiv'd thee in my Bosom.

D. Fern. I did what I could my Lord, for this I must needs own, base as I am by Fortune, and by Birth, I have a generous Love for Arms and Honour.

D. Gar. By all the Glories of the Arms he speaks of, I rather think him Son of some great Prince, then of *Plebean* Generation: Follow me, thou shalt have Equipage suitable to thy Quality; and as thy Virtues grow, upon my Honour they shall be cherisht; thou hast my Love, and that shall build thy Fortune.

D. Fern. The Powers above preserve ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Ariell *and* Eugenia.

Don Ariell. Sister, the honour of our Family depends on your Conduct in this matter; the Girl's Young and Giddy, look to her I say.

Eugenia. Brother, I am oblig'd t'ye for your Care, but believe I can Govern my Family without your Instructions.

D. Ar. Well well, let me find it so and I shall be satisfy'd; remember you have lost one Child already; a hopefull one too, and the Son and Heir of your Family, who with his Nurse was Murder'd in his Infancy, therefore look well to this; take care I say of my Niece *Lawra*, she's now Eighteen, her Blood warms, her Eyes Rowle, her Pulse beats, look to her I say.

Eugen. Pray spare your Caution Brother, sure I am old enough to know what I have to do.

D. Ar. And foolish enough to be testy I see, but that's all one. your Son's gone, your Daughter you may preserve if you are wise: Ah! that dear Boy, I protest I never think on him but I weep.

Eugen. But that I see you have sore Eyes, I should think that a Miracle.

D. Ar. 'Tis true, I enjoy an Estate by his Loss, but what then? I weep extreamly, I cry like a Child.

Eugen. A Natural Infirmity you have, shall I help you to an Occolist?

D. Fern. 'Tis in my Nature, Sister, it can't be helpt, 'tis in my Nature: my Father would have sat ye down, and have wept some eight or ten hours together, and so shall I too, if my Niece *Lawra* miscarry; therefore look to her.

Eugen.

Eugen. Yet again your Niece *Laura* —— this makes me quite out of Patience; have I not kept her up like a Nun? Mew'd her from Men and all looſe Converſation; been as ſevere as if I knew her wanton; and am I ſtill to be inſtructed?

D. Ar. You are too wiſe I warrant.

Eugen Have I not kept her up from Maſques and Comedies, and all your Publique Meetings? nay, Heaven forgive me, often from Church too, for fear of ſome temptation.

D. Ar. Church —— Come, come, let her Pray at home, let her never go to Church, there can come no good on't; I have ſeen a wench Ogle a fellow out of a Church at forty yards diſtance.

Eugen Then you would have her forget all Divinity.

D. Ar. Divinity, prethee tell not me of a young wenches Divinity, they have often a Book of the Deity in their hands, when they have the Devill in their heads, to my knowledge; Had I a hundred Daughters, not one ſhould ſee the in-ſide of a Church whilſt I liv'd.

Eugen. She has been bred-up with my Morals, and I know her mind is ſtaid and temperate; Oh Heaven! if it were not ——

D. Ar. What then?

Eugen. If I found her inclin'd to gad and ramble abroad——

D. Ar. What then, what would you do?

Eugen. D'ſlife I'de cut off her Leggs, I'de ſpoil her Intriguing.

D. Ar. Cut-off her Leggs, d'sheart the womans Mad now; Cut-off her Leggs —— what a Plague make a Devill of her?

Eugen. I'de Sacrifice a thouſand of my Children, e're leave an Infectious drop in one of 'em to taint my honour.

D. Ar. For a whim, a flim-flam, a thing of nothing; talk of Cutting-off my Niece *Laura's* Legs; and the prettieſt Legs in all *Spain* too—— hark'ee, if I catch ye Cutting off any thing of her Legs, or Feet either, unleſs it be her Corns, I'le cut-off your Head I'le tell you that, for all your are my Siſter.

Eugen. Oh! pray let me alone with her then, and ſpare your inſtructions, which I hope have wrought wonders upon my Nephew your Son. I hope his Inclinations are Conſequent to your Advice; he's grown very Wiſe I hear.

D. Ar. Sirrah go and look for him [*to a Servant.*
He was here with me juſt now, he and his Mathematician with him—— No, faith Siſter, I begin to deſpair of him, I'me afraid he will ne're be good for any thing.

Eugen. Oh fye! I hope you do but Jeſt, what, not the better for all your grave inſtructions?

D. Ar. Jeſt! No faith, 'tis e'en true enough; for my part I can't tell what to make of him, why here 'thas coſt me now I'le warrant ye, a thouſand Dollars amongſt his Mathematicians, his Vaulters, his Fidlers, Singers, Fencers, Dancers, and the Devill and all, and yet Gad

I am afraid he will come to be hang'd at laſt.

Eug. Oh he's Young, he's Young, Maturity will ſettle his head better.

D. Ar. If Maturity will do me the favour to get a few brains into his head, I ſhould not fear the ſetling 'em; but he's Empty, Siſter, he's Vacant, he has no foreſight; why t'other day I was ſtanding by to ſee him learn to Vault, and inſtead of doing the Pomado gracefully as he ſhould have done, what does the Raſcal but with a damn'd Awker'd Jump give me a kick in the Chops with his right foot, that broke out two of my teeth, as Gad ſhall ſave me.

Eugen. A very unlucky accident indeed Brother.——

D. Ar. And but this morning fumbling with my Snuff-Box, the damn'd Coxcomb open'd it the wrong ſide, and ſpilt me an Ounce of the beſt Pulvilio Snuff in all *Spain*; then 'tis ſuch a hungry Vermine grown, he will Eat ye enough to breed a Famine, and grows more and more a Clown; and to my laſting diſgrace keeps no Company but Scoundrels, and Mechanick fellows, with half breeches, and no ſhirts, and not a farthing of Money: I'me almoſt diſtracted about him, —— here he comes, prethee obſerve him Siſter;

Enter Diego, *and* Lopez.

Diego. I'le hear no more, Gad trouble me with any more of your damn'd hard words, I'le break your head. Come, han't you done yet father? 'tis paſt twelve a Clock: ſhan't we go home to Dinner?

D. Ar. D'ye hear, d'ye hear that Siſter? A hungry *Diego* Rogue, d'ye hear him? He's for dinner already; his Guts are Croaking to dine before other people have been at breakfaſt: Sirah, Sirah, have you Deſerv'd your dinner to day? Signior *Lopez*, prethee how does he Learn? Hah!

Lopez. He's a little Slow Sir, but I hope he will be ſure.

D. Ar. Puſh! Do not I ſee by him he'le ne're be good for any thing? Look look, Siſter, he takes no notice of you, he ſees you not; why Sirah! Dolt, Dunce, Coxcomb, don't you ſee your Aunt? Hah!—— Oh fie! what Curſed bow was there, and with his Hat flapping on one ſide like a Ballad-Singer? Well, by St. *Iagus* I'le diſinherit thee, thou ſhalt not have a foot of Land, by this Light. [*Diego makes an awker'd Bow.*

Diego. Would your Land were all in the Sea, ſo I might have my humour, and ſeek my Fortune; what ado is here with your Land, any one ſhall have my ſhare in't for half a Dollar.

D. Ar. Here's a Rogue now, to wiſh my Land in the ſea, & to talk of his humour, his humour; Sirah, I'le humour ye preſently.—— [*beats him.*

Eugen. Hold, hold, good Brother.

Diego. What the Devil would you have me do? what d'ye deſign me for?

D. Ar.

D. Ar. Sirrah Sirrah, I'de have you be a Wit.

Diego. A Wit! who, I a Wit?

D. Ar. D'ye hear Sifter, d'ye hear him? This Rogue will tell us presently, 'tis againſt the Conſtitution of our Family to be Witts;—and why not a Wit Sirrah you Rogue? why not a Wit? Hah!— [*angerly.*

Diego. Why 'tis impoſſible, you may as well fancy me an Elephant, it is not in me; If you had deſign'd me for a Gentleman-Uſher, a Shopkeeper, or a Sailor, or ſuch a thing, ſomething might have been done; but a Wit, 'tis impoſſible, I tell ye, 'tis not in me.

D. A. Why then I'le beat it into ye with a Cudgel, Sirrah; I'le be your *Apollo* for once.— [*Beats him again.*

Eugen. Look Sir, theſe are the fruits of your Inſtructions, d'ye obſerve?

Diego. He makes me loſe my Senſes: I am mad; I ſhall hang my ſelf within this Week, and ſo would any one elſe that leads the Life that I do, you ſhall hear how I'me ſerv'd.

D. Ar. Ay Ay, pray Siſter obſerve.

Diego Firſt every morning at four a Clock, when I, perhaps, am ſweetly Dreaming of *Laura*, or *Flora*, or *Clora*, or ſomething or Other that's Heavenly, am I rowz'd up by a d—mn'd Vaulting-Maſter that teaches me to break my Neck by way of Agility; then about an hour after comes *Signior Semibreif* the Singing-man; and he and I make ſuch a dreadfull Noiſe with our *Sol's*, and our *Fa's*, and our *Crotchets*, and our *Quavers*, that we ſet all the Cats in the Neighbourhood a howling about us: but what's worſt, and my moſt inſufferable Plague, is about Noon, when I am hungry and ſhould Eat my dinner, comes my Confounded Mathematician here.

D. Ar. What's that Sirrah—abuſing the Sciences. { *Struggles to go and beat him.*

Diego. And he with his never-ceaſing Tongue-Clack quite Murders me, what with his Hexagons, his Pentagons, his Baſtions, Parapetts, Palliſades, Fortifications, Ramparts, Counterſcarps, Ravellings, Eſplanades, Swallows, Tails, Hornworks, Counterguards, and the Devill and all, I am Conjur'd to Death; I am Enchanted; there is no living for me; I'le go and be one of the *Banditti* rather then endure it.

D. Ar. Do and be Hang'd?

Diego. With all my heart, a ſhort Life and a merry— there's ſome Comfort in that.

D. Ar. No Sirrah, I'le keep you from hanging, for the ſake of my Family, but you ſhall be beaten moſt immoderately. { *Goes to beat and he beats* Lopez.

Diego. Ay, Ay, do, beat me, Gad I'le mawle your Mathematician, I'le rout the Sciences, I warrant ye.

Sirrah, if I catch you again buzzing in my Ears, your Mines, and your Countermines, I'le blow ye up if there be any powder in *Spain*, I'le not be plagu'd with a Scurvy Mathemati- { Diego *is beating* Lopez *this while, who walks very gravely & ſlowly about the Stage.*

cal

cal Raſcal, not I, and there's the Reſolution of a——

D. Ar. Of a Fool, Sot, Raſcal.

Diego. Ay, ay, any thing but Mathematician, and ſo I leave ye; and pox of Hexagons and Pentagons—— I'le have nothing to do with 'em. [*Exit Diego.*

D. Ar. Was there ever ſuch a Villain? What ſhall I do with him Siſter? *Signior Lopez*, I hope he has not hurt ye?

Lopez. Signior, I conceive it but reaſon to demand the price of my Labours from you, and ſatisfaction from him, and ſo I'le take my leave.

D. A. Not ſo I hope, Signior.

Lopez. Signior, for me that have ſtudied Fortification this Thirty years to have my Ravellings, Half-Moons, and Baſtions, ſurpriz'd in this Nature; and the Parapet of my Perſon demoliſh'd thus unskillfully, I conceive is a great affront to my Art, and therefore——

D. Ar. Shall have ſatisfaction *Signior.* Come with me, I will ſee your *Punčto* ſatisfy'd: Siſter, I beg your Pardon for my digreſſion from the Gravity of my Family, and my Houſes Honour; I was involv'd in paſſion, and knew not what I did: Siſter, your hand; I will wait on ye to your Chamber.—— [*Exeunt Gravely.*

Enter Laura *with a Letter, and* Lucia.

Laura. My dear *Lucia*! art ſure my Mother did not ſee the Footman deliver this Letter?

Lucia. 'Twas impoſſible ſhe ſhould, for I drew it from the Garden with a Pack-thread into your Cloſet-Window; Poor Soul how afraid ſhe is of her Mother; Is't from the Party, my dear?

Laura. What elſe could make me ſo fond of it? I believe I have kiſt it a hundred times.—— [*Kiſſes the Letter.*

Lucia. And I warrant it deſerves it too, and ſo does the ſender of it, would he were here again, as ſafe as he was t'other Night, he's my favourite, I aſſure ye, Cozen: for in my Conſcience, I believe him to be as performing a Gentleman as any in all *Spain.*

Laura My poor heart knows his perfections but too well; for when I ſee his Gracefull Shape and Air, there is a throbbing in my Breaſt ſo violent, as if the Fluttering Inmate would fly to him to tell the Story of my eager paſſion; then he has a Tongue would ſure undoe the World.

Lucia. And that's a Darling-bleſſing.

Laura. Oh when I hear him talk, I am Enchanted, there's ſo much pleaſure in his Flattery; and when he lies (as ſometimes I fear he does ſo) they come with ſo much Grace out of his Lips—— I cannot for my Heart but muſt believe him.

Lucia. Well! theſe Men have a ſtrange Advantage over us.

Laura.

Lawra. Ay when we love 'em.

Lucia. I mean ſo, which is not always when we ſay we do; Heaven forbid it ſhould.

Lawra. If he ſhould wrong my Love, what torture were too bad for him: for tho' I love him to extremity, by all the awfull Powers, 'tis honourably; but I am moulded with ſo ſoft a Nature; my Soul has ſo much of true woman in it; adding to this the Conſtraint I live under, that if he could be perjur'd, I fear he might betray me.

Lucia. I hope he has ſworn to ye Couzen.

Lawra. Sworn, All the ſwift-footed hours of Day and Night have heard the ſacred Oaths.

Lucia. Then never doubt him. For my part, he is ſo obliging and kind a Gentleman, that I Vow I have great faith in him: What, wrong a ſweet young Lady that obliges him, he'le be hang'd firſt.

Lawra. Prethee now it comes into my mind, ſing the Song that he compos'd on his belief that I was angry with him; 'tis very *a propo.*

The SONG.

I.

THere is a black and ſullen hour,
Which fate decrees our life ſhould know,
Elſe we ſhould ſlight Almighty Power,
Rapt with the Joys we found below.
'Tis paſt, Dear Cinthia, *now let frowns be gone,*
A Long Long Penance I have done
A Long Long Penance I have done
For Crimes alas! to me unknown.

II.

In each ſoft hour of ſilent Night,
Your Image in my Dreams appears,
I graſp the Soul of my Delight,
Slumber in Joy but wake in Tears:
Ah! faithleſs Charming Saint what will you do,
Let me not think I am by you,
Let me not think I am by you,
Lov'd leſs, Lov'd leſs, for being true.

Lucia. You ſee his wit tends to Honour and Gratitude: well, I look upon him to be the moſt Conſtant Creature in all *Madrid*: pray let me ſee his Letter.

Lawra. I'le reade it.

Just as I was entring Paradice to see my [illegible] at the appointed place, some [illegible] fury sent my Father to hinder me; who (as what I could) sent me back: This paper therefore must inform you, that I will not fail to night at 11. till when I languish in expectation of happiness, which none but you my dearest life could ever bring to.

Your Antonio.

Lawra. Methinks Each Letter is a Magick Character that Charms away my reason; what shall I do *Lucia*?

Lucia. Meet him, meet him. —— You must meet him upon Honour.

Eugen. Who's there? Daughter, where are ye? [*Eugenia within.*

Lawra. I'me coming Madam —— my Mother as I live, I pray Heaven she has not heard us.

Lucia. Never fear her, we are of the Deaf side.

Lawra. Rowl on ye Minutes, that the glad hour may come,
When I shall prove a Lovers Constant Passion:
And Oh ye Powers that Pitty yielding Maids
By Youth and Love's bewitching Charms Ensnar'd,
Grant that his Tongue have not Advantage o're me.
But if at last I must be overcome,
If then the Lucky Victor should prove false;
Grant they may never be believ'd agen,
And Beauty bless no more Ungratefull Men.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. *SCENE* I.

Enter Don Fernand *in a Night-gown, and* Domingo.

D. Fern. Sir, I beseech ye, tell your Noble Lord, how much I am asham'd of my poor merit, and let him know, and from an honest heart, that sensibly acknowledges his favours, the humble gratefull Creature he has rais'd, lives only for his Service, and should be proud to spend his Dearest blood in the defence of such Exalted Virtue.

Dom. Sir, I shall tell him this.

D. Fern. Do my good Friend, and then what else is mine thou shalt Command, and all thy fellow-Soldiers. —— I Love a very Dog that is *Don Garcia's*.

Dom. Pve not a Comrade in the Court of Odards, but would be glad to use his friendly Sword in a Revenge against your Enemies; but setting this aside, how comes it Captain you are not at Court to day?

D. Fern. Sir, I had design'd to be at the Kings Leve but the Taylor has hinder'd my purpose; who if a man might rely on a Taylors Conscience, or take his Oath, was to come and Equip me this morning.

Dom. Not *Signior Frisco*, I hope.

D. Fern. The very same.

Dom. The veriest Coxcomb living, the most Conceited Animal that ever Arm'd with Weapon one Inch Long, put Sleeve to Cassock for a Wedding day.

D. Fern. I guess'd him to be some Extraordinary fellow by his Fantastick Garb and formality.

Domingo. Sir, he's an Original of a Nice Nature, for his Cloaths are more gawdy then our *Don*'s at Court, which how he maintains is to every one a wonder, for he's as poor as an honest Lawyer, and as proud as——

D. Fern. As a true Taylor.

Dom. Right Sir, which let his own Actions confirm, here he comes.

Enter Frisco *Fantastically dress't, with a Lacquey, bearing* Don Fernands *Cloaths under his Cloak.*

Frisco. Noble *Signior*, in all Civility, and respect, I congratulate your fortune.

D. Fern. Signior, I shall ever be in your Debt in return of so great a Courtesy.

Dom. The Complement betwixt two Forreign Embassadors would not be half so Stately.

Frisco. Signior, the World has taken notice of your Singular Qualifications, and excellent Parts.

D. Fern. Signior, the World does me favour.

Frisco. Amongst whom most Noble *Signior* my self being a Person whose Particular Endowments are not altogether unknown, have an entire Ambition to do you Service.

D. Fern. Sir, I shall be unwearied in making my self grateful.

Frisco. You yesterday in the Minority of the Morning were pleas'd to send a Lacquey to me, to acquaint me with your occasion for some Robes or Habits.

D. Fern. Your understanding was good, Sir.

Frisco. Upon which taking a due consideration of your merit, I order'd my Valet to writ on you, who return'd to me with the Exact

dimensions of your Person, Mathematically taken, with a List of Yellow Bays.

D. Fern. Right Sir, he took measure of me with it.

Frisco. Men have their Stars, and their Fates *Signior*, and Providence disposes every mans fortune according to his particular Genius, for my part I was design'd to Oblige my Nation, by the Excellency of this Art.

Dom. Ha, ha, ha!—Was there ever such a vain Rascal?

D. Fern. Sir, I should be much more satisfy'd if the Excellency of your Art might appear upon my Back, for according to your own Phrase I believe the Minority of the Morning is growing towards the Maturity.

Frisco. Be pleas'd then Sir to Strip, and because you are a Person whose ripening Virtue the World allows, this hand of mine that never touchs the Cassock of any man beneath his *Most Catholique Majesty*, or *Don Juan* of *Austria*—— shall in all friendship Button your Doublet.

Dom. Is the Devil in thee for Lying, have I not seen thee dress my Lords Footman twenty times?

Frisco. How! Infamous Varlet! I dress a Footman, hah! dost thou long to be annihilated? { Don Fernand *is dressing this while.*

Dom. A Footman.—— Sir, I have seen him for a Riall; sit two long Hours setting a patch upon the Cooks greasy Cassock.

Frisco. Scoundrel thou dy'st, Sir your Pardon—— [*to* Fernand. Honour must be satisfied, I will only go and Scow'r my Spado in his small Gutts a little, and be with ye again instantly, Varlet follow. [*is going out*, Fernand *Stops him.*

D. Fern. Come 'twas only a Mistake, you shall be friends again. If you thwart him we shall lose all the Jest. [*Aside to* Domingo.

Frisco. A Cook, the Manes of my Family would rise from their Tombs, and blast me were I guilty of such Ignominy. Perhaps at the humble Petition of the Poor Vermin, who knew my Charitable disposition, I might quallify the Cassock with a remedy against Cold, or so; but a Patch, a filthy Patch I abominate.

D. Fern. Well Sir, digressing from this Mistake a little, what am I in your debt for this favour.

Frisco. Sir, amongst men of Honour, are no Debts for Courtesies; a profitable regard to Ingenuity, or so, if you please.

D. Fern. Well Sir, Your own way then, how much?

Frisco. Some Ninety Dollars.

D. Fern. At what time?

Frisco. To morrow after Vespers, Critically three minutes after Seaven.

D. Fern. You shall be serv'd Sir.

Frisco. *Cavaliero Baldos Manos.* [*Exit Frisco.*

D. Fern

D. Fern. Ha, ha, ha—— what a ſtrange Monſter Affectation and Folly have made of this fellow?

Dom. Sir, this is nothing to his Extravagance at other times; 'tis reported he heards amongſt the *Bandetti*, and Robbing maintains the Vanity of his Garbe; for to work is Death to him,—— but ſee Sir here comes my Lord.

Enter Don Garcia, *and* Diego, *and a Guard, and* 2 *Footmen.*

Diego. Why am I your Priſoner my Lord? what have I done, that you put your Caniballs, your Man-eaters here upon me my Lord?

D. Gar. Sirrah give 'em good words you were beſt, leſt they beat better manners into ye; here's a Letter from your Father Sir, who deſires me to Impriſon ye till he comes; he informs me here, that to his great comfort you are grown a ——

Diego. A what my Lord?——

D. Gar. A Fool Sr.

Diego. Why if I am, there's the leſs reaſon to Impriſon me.

D. Gar. A mad miſchievous fool Sir; A fool that ſhould be whipt; you ſhall know more preſently—— Captain, Good morrow, the King receives you well, and has given orders for your ſpeedy diſpatch to *Toledo*, where your Company is Quarter'd; your further buſ'neſs you ſhall know anon.

D. Fern. My Lord, I have bluſht ſo much already to think of my unworthyneſs, that if I now look pale——believe it rather to be through fear of performance then any confidence of my Merit.

D. Gar. Your Merit receives no damage Sir by your Modeſty; and your Courage ſhall be put to the proof ſuddenly.

D. Fern. Your Lo dſhip ſhall aways find me ready and Obedient.

D. Gar. The King has Order'd four Companies to be ſent into *Flanders*, of whom I believe yours is deſign'd one.

D. Fern. My Lord, I am ready at an hours warning.

Diego. But what a Devill am I kept here for? Oh this Confounded Father of mine —— och-heart I ſhall knock him o'th head one time or another, I ſhall never be able to endure him long.

Enter Don Ariell *with* Lopez, *Vaulting-Maſter, Singers, and Dancers.*

Don Garcia. Oh here comes *Don Ariell*, now Sir we ſhall know your Virtues.

Don Ariell. Oh are ye there Sirrah; my Lord, I humbly thank your Lordſhip for ſecuring that ugracious Raſcal, who as I was enform'd was intending to run away, turn Vagabond, and deſert my houſe, to the utter diſhonour of my Family, like a damn'd Villain: Come Sirrah, in the

firſt place give this worthy *Signior* ſatisfaction for the laſt affront you put upon him; ask him pardon Sirrah.

Diego. I'le not ask him pardon, not I.

D. Ar. Ask him pardon, I ſay, Sirrah, give him ſatisfaction.

Diego. Ay, ay, I'le give him ſatisfaction preſently; come ſtand aſide, I'le fight with him; I'le ſatisfy the Rogue; come I'le fight with him.

D. Ar. Fight with him, did ye ever hear ſuch a Villain my Lord? he's for fighting with his Mathematician, he's for demoliſhing all the Sciences at one thruſt: Sirrah, Sirrah, ask him pardon, or with you. Leave my Lord he ſhall be ty'd Neck and Heels.

D. Gar. With all my heart Sir, it ſhall be done; this Fool gives us an Excellent Scene of diverſion. [*to* Fernand.

Diego. Shall it be done my Lord?

D. Gar. Ay, ay, it ſhall be done; we are upon the Court of Guard, and Diſcipline muſt be us'd.

Diego. Why then it ſhall not be done my Lord, and I do ask thee pardon, Oh thou Curſed Mathematician, before this Company Old Counterſcarp, I do ask thee pardon, but Gad, if e're I catch thee alone—— look to't. [*aſide.*

D. Ar. Oh! is your Stomach come down, Sir?

Diego. Down Sir,—— I think 'twould bring any ones Stomach down Sir, to be ty'd Neck and Heels like a Calf in a pair of panniers—— but if ever I catch him alone——

D. Ar. My Lord, will your Lordſhip believe me, I am half diſtracted with this Boy; he makes me Sick with fretting; I can neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleep; t'other Night I dreamt I was beating him, and with the violence of my motion, moſt unfortunately batter'd all my knuckles againſt the Bed-poſt.

D. Gar. Ha, ha,— a very unlucky accident faith, Sir.

D. Fern. Ha, ha, ha——

D. Ar. Come Sirrah, this is not all your task, yet, here's your Vaulting-Maſter, and your Singing-Maſter, and your Dancing-Maſter, that you muſt be reconcil'd too before you and I part yet.

Diego. I'le have nothing to do with them, whatever comes on't, unleſs it be this way, I'le fight 'em if they will; come I'le fight with 'em.

D. Ar. Look he's at's fighting again: My Lord has your Lordſhip ne're a Wooden-Horſe hereabouts.

D. Gar. Oh, yes Sir, there's one below, I uſe it frequently.

D. Ar. Take him away, on my Honour he ſhall Ride, he ſhall Mount moſt certainly with a Hundred Pound Weight at each Leg; away with him, what ſay ye my Lords?

D. Gar. Ay ay, ride, he muſt ride.

Diego. Muſt I ride, my Lord?

D. Gar. Ay, ay, by all means, 'tis another point of Diſcipline.

Diego.

Diego. Gentlemen I beg all your pardons —— I will not ride, my Lord, therefore d'ye ſee I beg all your pardons —— but gad if e're I catch either of ye alone —— look to't. [*apart.*

D. Ar. Oh d'ye bend, d'ye ſtoop, are ye to be taken up, Sir?

Diego. Ay, riding the Wooden-Horſe is to be taken up indeed.

D. Ar. My Lord, was there ever ſuch a fond Father as I am? nay, to ſay the truth, I am a fool of a Father; why here have I provided theſe Ingenious Perſons to inſtruct him in all the Qualities belonging to a Gentleman; all incomparable Perſons, my Lord, the very Pearls of *Spain*; my Lord, if your Lordſhip pleaſes you ſhall ſee 'em practice.

D. Gar. With all my heart, Sir.

D. Ar. Come, Gentlemen, a little of your Art; and firſt you Sir; and *Diego*, Sirrah let me ſee you follow him.

Here the Vaulting-Maſter *Vaults, and* Diego *imitates him awkerdly.*

D. Ar. Oh Deviliſh awker'd Rogue, he leaps juſt like a Cow over a Stile; Gadzooks I'le Vault my ſelf, you ſhall ſee me outdo him preſently Old as I am; my Lord, when I was a young Fellow I could have firkt it away; I could have done it in ſome perfection; but tough as I am I think I can get up yet. [*Here* D. Ariell *Vaults.*

D. Fern. Excellently well perform'd I'faith *Don.*

D. Ar. A little Stiff, a little Stiff; but however I come-off you ſee.

D. Gar. Come-off, why *Don Diego* there is nothing t'ye.

D. Ar. He, hang him, a Lump, a Logg, he's good for nothing; come now let's have a little Singing and Dancing.

Spaniſh Dance here.

D. Ar. What think ye now, my Lord, are they not rare fellows in their way?

D. Gar. Sir they are in my Opinion (as you ſay) the very pearls of *Spain*, and yet I think *Diego* they do not edify at all.

D. Ar. Not a jot: Why there's my Plague Sir —— here's *Sgnior Semibreef* has been teaching him his Notes this ſix months, and the dull Rogue is got no further then *Sol Sol*, yet —— he has none of my mettle in him gadzooks; I believe he was chang'd at Nurſe.

D. Gar. Come, you ſhall both go and Sup with me, where we'le Reconcile theſe matters in a Bumper of Sherry: Captain, you are my Gueſt to night; I muſt give ye a Rouſe before ye go.

Diego. To night you may uſe me as you pleaſe; but in the morning I'le to my Old Jolly Gang the *Banditi*, and defy my Father, the Devill and all ill fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Don Antonio.

D. Anton. The Watch is ſet, and by the Generall Stillneſs o're the Court, I gueſs the King's in bed: all Eyes but thoſe of Lovers, & the ſick, addreſs themſelves to ſleep, whilſt I, impatient with throbbing heart, and Eager Expectation, wait for the kind approach of heavenly beauty to bleſs my Service, and reward my Love; oh the dear Creature, I never think on her, never reflect on her delightfull perſon, but all her charms, her Youth, Witt, Mein, and Graces, open the Wound her Eyes long ſince have made; and I am dying when I'me abſent from her; yonders the Sign, that light Set in her Window is plac't to guide me into Paradice, juſt ſo I ve read the beauteous maid of *Seſtos* guided through *Heleſpont* her vigorous Lover, to the warm harbour of her willing Arms; but yet I hope I ſhall have better luck then he, for his return was fatal—— ha! the Window opens, hiſt, hiſt——

Enter Lawra *above.*

Lawra. Who's there?

Anton. Does not thy beating-heart inform thy Sences, and tell thee 'tis *Antonio*?

Lawra. Speak lower, you are come too ſoon.

Anton. How is that poſſible, if thou art kinde and Loveſt me?

Lawra. My Mother is not yet in bed.

Anton. Then I'me too ſoon indeed, what in the name of wonder can that Old *Sibill* be doing thus late? hah! Is ſhe Conjuring?

Lawra. Yes, to defend the Honour of her Daughter againſt all Injurious Night-walkers.

Anton. If ſhe be good at Spells—— tell her a poor diſtreſſed Lover here, whoſe heart is Wounded by her Daughters Eyes, and Cauſe him to wander at this uncouch Seaſon, deſires a Charm againſt 'em.

Lawra. A Sparkling bottle tell him, and his Naturally Levity will do the buſineſs without Spells or Charms.

Anton. Not when, what caus'd the hurt can only Cure it. I'gad it was plaguily gueſt tho'—— [*aſide.*

Lawra. And what is that Diſſembler?

Anton. Thy Eyes, thy Tongue, thy Lips, thy every Grace; for, as thou art all-over killing Charms, ſo every touch of thee is medicinable.

Lawra. Away you flatterer.

Anton. Would I were near thee but to kiſs that falſhood from off thoſe pretty

pretty lips, leſt it ſhould taint 'em.

Lawra. D'ye not flatter me?

Anton. No by my Soul that hovers round thy boſome, nor never did?

Lawra. And will you love me as you ſhould?

Anton. Tye me not up my deareſt Life to forms; to love thee as I ſhould is moſt Impoſſible, thy merit is beyond our beſt of ſervice, then who can love ſo well as thou deſerv'ſt?

Lawra. But honourably as you ſhould, and me only?

Anton. Thee, thee only —— pray heaven I have virtue enough to keep my word with her, for I am a ſtrange unconſtant dog in my nature, that's the truth on't. [*aſide.*

Lawra. Swear to that.

Anton. By thy dear ſelf, by all that's Sacred; So there's a neat Equivocation to ſave a man from Perjury now.

Lawra. Hark, hark. [*Noiſe.*

Anton. Hah! what's the matter?

Lawra. I think I hear her ſtir, I muſt go ſee, take you another turn in the Piazzas, and by that time all will be ſecure, and the door ſhall be open'd to ye. [*Exit* Lawra.

Anton. Then by that door I go to Paradice, and revell in the ſweets of Love and Beauty; the Angels do no more: Youth, Health, and Fortune, Wine, Vigour, Wit, and Melting, Charming woman: what Epicure could ever wiſh for more? 'tis all the Generous brave man can covet, and only Droſs is the whole world beſides.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Enter Don Fernand.

Don Fernand. 'Twas well I had the temper to retire, before the Brimmers had gone once more round, elſe I had certainly been dipt and ſoundly, for mine are ſuch untoward brains for drinking, a glaſs beyond my Cuſtomary draught, is apt to fluſter me: Where am I now? Oh! 'tis the ſtreet I think that fronts the Pallace. Now all ye gawdy ſpangles of the Sky that deck the Robe of melancholly night, Glimmer enough that I may grope my way home to my Lodging, and then I'le be thankfull; gad I'me very Poetical to night, ſend me good luck after it.

Lawra *looks out.*

Lawra. Hiſt, hiſt —— come nearer the Window.

D. Fern. Hah!

Lawra. There's the Key; open the door your ſelf, and come up ſoftly, be quick and carefull, and make no noiſe as you love me. [*Flings out a key wrapt in a handkercher.* [*Exit* Lawra.

D. Fern. A Ladies Voice, a Key thrown to me, with a ſoft Command

to enter and come to her; here's an Adventure now, ten to one but this is ſome Rich Heireſs that is fall'n in Love with me, and has taken this way, and the obſcurity of the night, to declare her Paſſion: Well *Fernand* thou art in the Poſt of a Younger Brother, and ſhould'ſt not refuſe a Fortune ſo queintly thrown upon thee: No I am reſolv'd to enter come what will on't. [Fernand *opens the door and goes in.*

Antonio *returns.*

Antonio. The Corigidore and the Patroll are walking yonder, ſearching I think for ſomebody; if they had found me inſtead of him they lookt for, as 'twas but a Chance I eſcap't, I had made a fine nights work on't, and my Intrigue had gone hopefully forward: But praiſe be given to my quick Eyes, I ſculkt behind a Pillar, and they paſt me——now to the happy door here —— what already open'd —— here's a diſpatch for ye; ah —— there's nothing like a kind Young Charming Rogue that's willing —— the buſineſs of her Love is done with ſuch Alacrity, it gives a vaſt addition to the Pleaſure —— well 'tis a pretty ſweet-natur'd Soul, and I'gad I'le Reward her immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE Changes. *Enter* Don Fernand.

Fernand. Where I am I know not, nor how to get further, and now I think better on't, if inſtead of my Rich Heireſs this ſhould be the houſe of ſome Nimph of Pleaſure, ſome wanton Lady of the Lake, that has a fancy for my Perſon, and taking me for a *Minor* (as indeed I am at theſe matters) has betray'd me hither, gad I'me afraid the prize would be hardly worth the hazzard; therefore in due time I'le retire.

[*is going out.*

Enter Don Antonio.

Don Antonio. Who's that?

D. Fern. Hah!—— nay, then I'me betray'd indeed.

D. Anton. Methought I heard ſome footing —— no, 'twas only my fancy; but why is the Key taken out of the door when the Guard are coming up the ſtreet, and ten to one will enter finding a houſe left open? I muſt be reſolv'd in this.

D. Fern. 'Tis ſo, this is ſome Bravo that has ſeen me come in, and intends to ſurprize me in the dark, but I'le be too quick for him: now fortune —— [*Stabs him with a Ponyard and* Antonio *falls.*

Anton. Oh this baſe woman! oh!

D. Fern. Ay ay —— tis a Bawdy-houſe I know it by his falling at a woman. Lye there Sir, 'tis better in your guts then mine, and ſo farewell [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Laura.

D. Anton. Oh baſe, baſe Infamous Woman!

Lawra. Ah then my fears are true, my Mother has diſcover'd us, Kill'd *Don Antonio*, and I'm the next reſerv'd to feel her Vengeance.

Eugen. Within. Call up my Servants—— bring Lights here.

Lawra. Hark ſhe's coming; Oh Heaven! I dare not meet her Rage. Diſtraction, Death, Confuſion, what ſhall I do? Or whither ſhall I fly? Hide me, ye Gloomy ſhades of friendly Night; wrap me in Foggy Miſts, black as my fortune, for thus to you I Dedicate my Sorrows.

Far from this houſe, the Scene of Cruelty,
And from a barbarous Mothers Rage I fly.

[*Exit Lawra.*

Enter Eugenia, *with Servants.*

Eugen. Angells defend and keep me: what's the matter? who is it that at this Strange hour of night afrights us thus with Groans and Exclamations? what do I ſee a man all bloody? ſpeak, what are ye? if Age and grief, have not quite blinded me, you ſhould be *Don Antonio.*

D. Anto. Madam, I am the ſame——and wounded, but not kill'd.

Eugen. How came ye hither, and who us'd ye thus?

D. Anton. I have not breath to tell ye all the Story, for I bleed apace; let this ſuffice in the inſtant, that your Daughter, your daughter is the Cauſe.

Eugen. Oh moſt Eternal Scandall to my houſe, go fetch her hither.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Madam, her Chamber-door is open and ſhe's not there.

Eugen. Not there, where is ſhe? oh my diſtracting fears!

Lucia. Not in the houſe, I'm Certain Madam.

Eugen. Not in the houſe, where then? oh heaven! what is become of her? Run into the City——Alarm all the Watches; [*to Servants.* Run, fly away to every par o'the Town; bring her again, I ſhall grow madd elſe: Oh *Lawra*, *Lawra*!

Enter Corigidore *and Guard.*

Corig. What's the Matter, Madam?

Eugen. Oh I'm Ruin'd, loſt, undone, undone for ever, no peace can ever from this Moment bleſs me.

Enter Don Fernand.

D. Fern. Now the Guard is here, I think I may venture in unsuspected, and hear a little news. [*aside*
What is the Matter, Captain?

Eugen. A man allmost Murther'd in my house, and my daughter gone, oh my daughter!

D. Fern. Alas, alas! Is the Gentleman kill'd? pray let me see his face?

Corig. Pray Sir respite your Curiosity, he's a man of quality, and must not be Expos'd——take him up, and get Surgeons instantly; I'le take Care of him to night, and to morrow this business shall be Examin'd throughly.

[*Guards carry off* Antonio.

Eugen. Oh *Lawra*, *Lawra*! oh my Cruell fortune.

D. Fern. What a horrid Mischief has my rash adventure brought on this poor Lady, whose tears me thinks are Drops of my hearts blood: I've such affliction for her; this comes of Intreaguing: ah plague of my Curiosity. [*aside.*

Corig. Madam, what assistance I can give you you shall soon Command.

D. Fern. And tho' a Stranger Madam, perhaps my service may not be altogether useless; therefore I beseech you have patience, your daughter cannot be lost so easily.

Eugen. Her honour's lost however, which is her better part, for such an action as this is, must depend on worse consequences then yet I know; sure never Mother had such fate as mine: my Son was lost or murder'd in his Infancy, and now my Daughter that should be my comfort, and prove the darling blessing of my Age, whose youth I train'd in the strict Rules of Virtue, restrain'd her liberty to curb her passions: and did what e'er a Cautious Parent could; runs from my house, heaven knows for what Crimes committed —— but I must fear 'em foul and horrible, oh 'tis too much to bear; my reason fails me, and grief within me takes such full possession, there is no room for comfort: Oh *Fernand* —— *Lawra*, oh!

[*Exit weeping.*

Corig. I'le follow and comfort her all I can, and wish I knew the Author of this mischief, the Rack or Wheel were not punishment enough for him.

D. Fern. Say ye so, I'le keep him from your knowledge *Signior*, for that reason —— d'sdeath the Rack and the Wheel did he say? if punishment for such a Crime must be at so severe a rate, i'gad they shall read in the Stars to find the Criminal for *Fernand*:—— Racks and Strapado's are too rigid a Test for a young Officer, Scarce warm in his Commission; and besides to lose it too by a Curs'd blind adventure almost before a man's secure 'tis his own, is a Policy not reasonable to one that has the blessing

blessing of any brains in's head; therefore dear *Don* keep thy own Counsell and be safe,

Secrets like Spirits should be kept with Care,
Their Virtue's lost if ever they take Air.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. *SCENE* I.

A Poor Thatcht Cottage where are Discover'd at a Table amongst Potts and Glasses, the Banditti; *viz.* Leon, Frisco (*in other Cloaths*) Rufino, *with three or four more, and* Megæra.

Leon. COme my brave hearts, let's have the t'other Rouse, and let it go round.

Ruf. Well said my noble Captain; come here's to our good success to-day, fill, fill all. [*Drinks.*

Leon. With all my heart i'faith, and may it prove some young new-fledg'd Gosling, some Milk-sop Heir, that has just rub'd his Chin upon his Grandmothers whiskers, receiv'd her blessing of five hundred Dollars, and with this pretty Load is coming flush to Town, with intent to see fashions, but really to be entertain'd by the way, and eas'd of his burthen by us the Knights of the order of Industry. [*Drinks.*

3 *Band.* Methinks I have him in my Clutches already, the palm of my hand itches; we shall have good luck to day:

Frisco. Hey——hum—— [Fr. *sighs, and walks melancholy about.*

Leon. Wife, be sure you look to your Charge, take heed the *Corigidore* find us not: The noble Fraternity of the *Banditti* of *Naples* now fled for Refuge into *Spain* may be broke for want of Policy, therefore beware of those Cold-blouded Fellows, that feed upon the steem of Justice; remember that we are the Children of the Sun, hot, vigorous, and like him, prone to Rapine, and ever in action.

Megæra. Good Lord, how wise you are with your Cautions and Advice of late, pray give your mouldy documents to your Minors, your Callow Rascally Theives that carry Prayer-books in their Pockets, and trouble not your head with tutoring me; what! I have not been a Thief this 50 years for nothing sure.

[*speaks mumping as without teeth.*

Leon. Meg. I beg thy pardon, I have wrong'd thee; Gentlemen, she is in the right; she has been a *Virtuosa* this fifty years.

Rufin. Let her Health go round: Come Gentlemen, here's the Captains Ladies Health.

Fris. *Leon.*

Friſco. Hey, hum—ho—— [*ſighs, and ſits down again.*

3. *Band.* How now *Signior Friſco*! What ill fate has clouded your *Phiz* to Night? why in this Lowring Mood *Signior* ha!——

Friſco. Hey, Hum———

Meg. It may be the good Gentleman is not well; ſhall I fetch you ſome of my diſtillings Gentleman; they are Comfortable I can aſſure ye; I have made a great deal of good water in my time.

[*Exit.*

Leon. If gains can cure a mans Diſtemper I'me ſure he gets more then any two of us.

3. *Band.* How ſo Captain, do we not Share?

Leon. Why firſt by being of the *Banditti*, and next by being a Taylor, a double-Theif has double-profit, and now you have it, ——*Meg*, go your ways and get my Comrads Something for breakfaſt, d'ye hear——

[*Exit* Megæra.

Ruſin. He's in his Raggs now, but we ſhall ſee him ſtant it like a *Don* in the City at night.

Friſco. Gentlemeu, heaven continue your mirth, but alas! 'tis not my Cue at preſent, I am to Act a Scene of Sorrow.

Leon. Sorrow! gad if Sorrow comes amongſt us he ſhall be kick'd out of the Company, we'le have no moods, [*Enter* Diego. nor figures here, but ſuch as are divective; hah! what my noble Squire *Diego*, *Baſilos manos*; why I have been in deſpair, I have not ſeen thee ſo long——Gentlemen, all Salute him; this is the worthy perſon that I have ſo long Expected. [*They all Salute him.*

Diego. I am come at laſt Captain.

Leon. And thou art welcome my brave Lad as heart can wiſh.

Diego. I have been damnably plagu'd with that old Huncks my Father, but I have given him the ſlip at laſt.

Leon. Haſt robb'd him noble heart?

Diego. Robb'd him, what robb my Father?

Leon. Father, Pox! a meer word, a titular notion for him that had the Comfort of begetting thee, beſides he's not thy Father that is a foe to thy Liberty and Bravery of Spirit: he's a Scandall to thy blood, and may be robb'd as all theſe Gentlemen here ſhall affirm——what ſay ye?

Ruſin. May be Robb'd, Captain—he muſt be Robb'd that's Flat.

Band. Ay! Or the honour of our profeſſion will have a foul blemiſh upon it, that's certain. What think you *Signiour Friſco*?——come prethee leave thy dumps and cheer up.

Friſco. Why has my worthy Brother then let ſlip ſo fair an Opportunity, is he not robb'd?

Diego. No faith, I only took away all that I could lay my hand on; I did not robb him, I only Snapt a Modicum or So.

Fumo. Modicums are better then nothings, had you brought away nothing, you had ſhame'd the fraternity——but if we ſhare tho' but of a Modicum,

Modicum, the Science receives no blemish.

Omn. Right, right.

Diego. But he shall be robb'd if I live; since Gentlemen you say my honour is concern'd in't—— come *Signior Frisco*, prethee let's have a cup round, thou art Melancholly.

Leon. If thou hast griefs, thou hast more need of comforters: come, come, discover.

Frisco. Why then because I know ye all men of worth, and such whose unquestion'd virtues mount up to the very Standard of honour, as my equal brothers in all fame and reputation, I will unfold to you——know then that I have here receiv'd a Letter.

Leon. From a Whore, *Signior*.

Frisco. Captain, this is a serious bus'ness and will require your sagacity; I have I say receiv'd from *Segovia* a Letter from my Brother.

3 *Band.* Very well, Sr.

Frisco. He is a person, whom without vanity I may declare to be the most noted man in Office in all the City, being the publique retainer to Justice: In a word Gentlemen, he's——

Leon. The Hangman there.

Frisco. He is so—as the rude Vulgar nominate it.

Leon. A very publique Officer indeed.

Frisco. Ah Sir, the most dextrous person at his bus'ness; so acute, expert and ingenious in affairs of this nature, that whoever had seen him, would have even long'd to come under his hands.

Diego. Faith Brother I think I should not much long for all that.

Frisco. Truly Sir, you would (but to proceed) he writes me word here, that my good old Father, peace be with him (he was a notable humouriſt Gentlemen, if you had known him) lately suffer'd under his hands.

Diego. Hang'd I beseech ye, Sir?

Frisco. Yes Sir, his dissolution happen'd to be that way. [*Sighing.*

Leon. Alack, alack, he was not of our Profession, was he?

Frisco. No Sir, he was only for Nimming of Cloaks, and Cutting of Purses, he was altogether for the retale Trade.

Rufin. A great fault indeed, had he been a whole-sale man he might have flouriſh't many a fair day.

Frisco. Oh, oh, oh—— [*Howles.*

Rufin. Have patience good brother, have patience.

Frisco. As to out mother, tho' yet living he says little better of her. For she is in the Inquisition of *Toledo*——

Leon. For what, prithee *Signior*? this Letter does not mention that; what is she a Bawd?

Frisco. No *Signior*, she's a Witch; A Bawd! alack a day she always hated such mean qualities;——And now I warrant shall I lose her too within this week—— oh oh!

Leon.

Leon. Well, well, prithee have patience; come these are all Transitory things, and must be endur'd.

Diego. Ay that's true, but in troth 'twould vex one to lose a Couple of such virtuous Parents for all that, gads'lid, would my father were there in sted of one of 'em.

Leon. Come my Ladds, to divert this Melancholly humour, let's have a Song, and a dance, then a glass round, and defy all the World, the Devil, and Fortune: come away with't.

The Song and Dance here.

I.

1. Ban. *THe Joys of Court or City,*
The fame of Fair or Witty
Are Toys to the Banditti,
Whilst our Cupps we Drein.

II.

2. Ban. *We Love, we Laugh, we lye here,*
We Eat, we drink, we dye here,
And Valliantly defy here
All the Power of Spain.

III.

But when by our Scout, a Prize we find
We all Run out to Seize him,
Stand, Stand, we Cry,
Or ye Dog ye Dye
Without any more ado.

IV.

Chorus. *All this brings us no* Slander,
Each Conquering great Commander,
And Mighty Alexander,
Were Banditti's *too.*

V.

1. Ban. *Some we Bind, and some we Gag,*
Some we Strip and Plunder,
Some that have store of Gold
Into our Cave we draw:

VI.

VI.

Chorus. *Thus like first Moulded Matter*
Our Principles we Scatter,
'Twas Folly made good Nature,
And fear that first made Law.

VII.

2. Ban. *And when we come home our Doxies run*
To bid us kindly welcome;
Plump, Freſh, and Young, all down do lye
On Beds of Moſs to Sport.

VIII.

Chorus. *Thus Every Valiant Ranger*
Lyes at Rack and Manger,
And he thats' paſt moſt danger
Has moſt Kiſſes for't.

IX.

1. Ban. *Fools do Whine and Sigh and Pine,*
Fools fall ſick of Feavers,
Fools doat on fleeting Joys
That oft does Ruine bring:

X.

Chorus. *Whilſt without begging pitty*
Of the Rich, the Fair, or Witty;
The Brave, the Bold Banditti
Has the ſelf ſame Thing.

Enter Megæra.

Megæra. Breakfaſt is ready Gentlemen, pray be pleas'd to walk in, why who is here? what my Bully, my Prince, my *Pyramus*, my *Thiſbe*, my worſhipfull Son and Noble Squire *Don Diego* —— *Pſack* I muſt have a Buſs. [*Kiſſes him*] Why bleſſing on thy heart, and how go matters chicken, hah! Good lack what a Chopping boy 'tis grown, I Remember the Theif when he was no bigger then my Thumb.

Diego. Very well, I thank ye Grannum —— oh the Devill! that Kiſs has blaſted me, her breath ſtinks worſe then a Rotten Oyſter. [*aſide.*

Lean. Noble Squire and Gentlemen, pray walk in, and fall too: I'le but have a word or two with my honny-ſuckle here and be with ye preſently.

Diego. Honny-suckle——would the Dee'l had had her for a Nose-gay, so I had miss'd her, pagh—— [Spitts.

[Exeunt all but Leon and Meg.

Leon. Meg.—— I have formerly told thee what must be done with this same young Snipe, he is to Rob his Fathers house for us ye old Buttock, and then we shall have wealth enough; therefore be sure to wheedle him neatly; be officious and respectfull to him, d'ye hear.

Meg. I'le Nigle him I warrant ye! Ah some 20. years ago I could have Neigl'd A Young fellow so that he should not have had a Cross left to bless himself: But time was ever Spitefull to Beauty, however I think I have a tongue left.

Leon. Why faith 'tis but reason thou shouldst have a tongue left, for to my knowledge thou hast ne're a Tooth.

Meg. Ye lye like a Jack-an-apes: I have a friend or two here in a Corner, or if I had not I have Gums Rascall, han't I?

Leon. Ay, ay, thou hast so, and there's an end on't, and be but dilligent about the Squire, and we are made for ever.

Meg. Yet again advising; pray mind your own bus'ness; I've naturall affection for him, he shall not scape me.

Leon. A naturall affection, *Meg.*

Meg. And what then, what if I have, what are you the wiser now? pray get ye in and see that your Gentlemen Guests Steal nothing; And don't think to Pump me: Why ye Puppy you, d'ye think to Pump me?

Enter Lawra.

Leon. How now——What have we here?

Lawra. I have been wandring all this dreadfull night, to finde a place of Shelter for my Sorrows, but till this minute Could not be so happy; this Roof is humble, and it's homely outside, shews 'tis the Seat of Poverty and Peace, pray heaven the Inhabitants are kind and honest.

Meg. Bless us, who's this?

Leon. I am Confounded; I never saw such a Creature in my life.

Lawra. Good People, for I hope I call ye right, wonder not at my strange intrusion; alas! you are below the stroakes of fortune, and therefore feel not the distresse of others, but if your hearts did ever harbour pity; if tender nature has a place within ye, give a poor wretch by Tyrant Love undone, a shelter for her greif within your dwelling.

Leon. Why *Meg*, why don't ye speak to the Gentlewoman? why don't ye shew your breeding ye old Jade; for my own part her face has made me both blind and dumb: The devil take me, if I can speak a word to her. [Aside.

Meg. Alas good Gentlewoman! are ye in Love d'ye say?

Lawra. Love is too true a Cause of all my Sorrows.

Meg.

Meg. Why Love is a terrible thing indeed, it is ſo indeed; for in my younger years I had like to have been diſtracted with it my ſelf.

Leon. What an Eye ſhe has, and what a delicate ſtraight taper ſhape: —I am inchanted, I know not where I am. [*aſide.*

Meg. Good Lack, why what Luck's here, ſhe's plaguee Rich in Jewells, I ſee——And beſides, I warrant this young Creature has many a good thing about her if the truth were known: Well Pritty face, and would you lodge in Our houſe, did you ſay?

Lawra. If you would be ſo kind to entertain me, I would for a day or two, till ſome affairs I have are ſetled; indeed I ſhall be very little trouble, beſides I'le pay for what I have and largely, for I have wealth enough.

Leon. I am glad of that faith——why was there ever ſuch a Lucky dog as I am, to have an Angell here dropt from the Skyes into my houſe, without my ſecking: I know not how I deſerve it, for I han't been at prayers this 20 years.

Meg. Well, well, you may have a Lodging, we will make a ſhift to find a place for you.

Leon. Meg, d'ye here, tell her ſhe ſhall lye in my bed.

Lawra. How Sr.

Meg. Hold your tongue and be hang'd——he means Chick that we will remove, and you ſhall have our bed alone to your ſelf.

Leon. What a little little pretty foot is there too? would ſhe wou'd let me kiſs it?

Meg. Come, Come, pray be Cheerfull,——what an Eye the little witch has; I'me glad to ſee ye here; you are a young Gentlewoman, a handſome young Gentlewoman, & ſhould be merry, d'ye love Company?

Lawra. Oh by no means, no Company.

Meg. No Company, hum——

Lawra. Nor would I have my coming known to any, for well I know ſearch will be made for me, and if I'me taken I'me undone for ever.

Meg. Why have you Stole any thing, Pretty face, that you fear apprehending?

Lawra. No, nothing but my ſelf, and that's a ſmall prize: To be more plain with ye, I fly from the Anger of a cruell Mother, who to take vengeance on my Eaſy nature, for plighting Amorous Vows without her knowledge, deſign'd to kill me, as ſhe did my freind, this laſt fatal night, the time appointed, to Rattify our Vows.

Leon. Madam, never fear her, you ſhall be ſafe here as a theif in a Mill: there's my hand on't:——ds'death [*ſtriking her rudely*] what a touch was there——ſhe has brought me into ſuch a Condition I know not what to do with my ſelf.

Lawra. After a day or two when the Search is over, I intend to put my ſelf in the protection of an Unkle dwelling at *Toledo*, whither if you are willing to conduct me, I will moſt gratefully reward your Care.

Meg. Ay ay, with all our hearts, wee'l do any thing for ye, introth 'tis pity ſo handſome a Gentlewoman ſhould be ſo ill us'd. Come pray give me your hand and go in and reſt your ſelf——ah how my Captain Rogue there leers at her [*aſide*] and gapes as if he would Eat her up, but I'le watch your waters i'faith Sirrah——Come along, I warrant poor heart your are weary, hah.

Laura. A little indeed Mother.

Meg. Why look ye there now. Come Come along then.

Laura. You ſhall be bleſt and paid well for this kindneſs that I'me reſolv'd on. [*Exeunt*

Leon. And my pretty little twinkling Rogue, thou ſhalt be rob'd and Raviſh'd, there's kindneſs for kindneſs and that I am reſolv'd on.

[*Exit* Leon.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Antonio *in his Night-Gown and* Grillon.

Don Antonio. My inward vexation for the Treachery of this baſe woman I believe is one cauſe my Wound heals no faſter, I never think on her but it Confounds me more and more; for who could have imagin'd ſo Young and as I thought ſo Innocent a Creature (a Plague of my Credulous folly) ſhould be poſſeſt with ſo much of the Devill, to Plot to Murder one ſhe ſwore ſhe lov'd: who e're had ſeen the charming ſmiling miſchief, with killing Eyes all bath'd in liquid Love, darting her Soul to mine, but would have ventur'd, ventur'd as I did to the ſhore of Beauty, and thought for once there might be truth in Woman—— But Dam her ſhe's gone and there's an end on't. Now Sirrah what is your Noddle entertaining it ſelf withall?

Grillon. Gad Sir, I was caſting up how many times I am to be whipt through the body as being an Agent in your Intrigues, at the rate of once a Month, before I arrive to my Chimacterical year.

D. Anton. how many times—— let me ſee—— not above Fifty.

Grill. Thereabouts, I believe.

D. Anton. Sirrah, that Skin of yours is large and ſtrong, and can endure twenty or thirty holes more in't then another mans.

Grill. Yes, yes, and when I Dye, my whole body will look like a Target, ſhot through by a Regiment of Archers: I ſhall come to great honour.

Anton. Too good for ye Sirrah, beſides 'twill be the beſt Exerciſe that can be.

Grill. Oh the beſt in the World Sir, I don't doubt but I ſhall have a bleſſed

a bleſſed time on't, and now I think on't Sir, will ye give me leave to beg a favour of ye?

D. Anton. Well Sir.

Grill. Why faith I have a Wench yonder is to be won by the *Sword* too: will you Tilt for me once, I know you are a man of honour.

D. Anton. No Sirrah, I ſhall be acceſſary to your Damnation then, and I am oblig'd to take care of your Soul.

Grill. Why there's the Devill now, oh the Ingratitude of this Age; Pox on't did I ever refuſe to be your *Second*?

D. Anton. Ha, ha, ha—— look out ſome body knocks, d'ye hear? then run to *Dona Elvira's* houſe and give my humble ſervice; you know the reſt. [*knock within.*

[*Exit* Grillon.

Enter Don Garcia *and* Don Fernand.

D. Gar. So Sir, Good morrow t'ye, in hopes that by this time you have enough conſidered on the Vanity of Idle frolicks, and Midnight fooleries, I bring you here a Young Officer who is Ambitious of your acquaintance, Sir.

D. Anton. Sir, all thoſe you Introduce to me have a double ſhare in my heart. [*Complement here.*

D. Fern. Where I ſhall ever deſire to continue Sir, and make it my humble ſuit to heaven to deſerve the favour.

D. Gar. Prethee Captain take care he does not Debauch thee, for he's the lewdeſt Fellow in Town, and at this moment wears the very ſcratches of his Caterwawling upon his Perſon.

D. Fern. Have you been wounded lately I beſeech ye, Sir?

D. Anton. Scratcht a little as my Father ſays the other night in the Dark, Sir.

D. Fern. In the Dark, Sir.

D. Anton. Ay Sir, about a Woman, a Plaguy Woman, Pox on her, I never had the Skirmiſh 'till the Buſ'neſs was done before.

D. Fern. Betray'd into ſome place and ſurpriz'd I warrant.

D. Anton. Even ſo Sir, by ſome *Don* of the Dark: d'ye hear any thing about the Town of the Diſcovery of any one that did ſuch a miſchief, Sir?

D. Fern. Not I Sir, would I did: unleſs I ſhould Diſcover my ſelf, for on my Conſcience I am the very individual *Don* in the Dark that did the buſ'neſs. [*aſide.*

D. Gar. If the thruſt had been one Inch further, I think Sir, all your Intreaguing had been at an End, and then what a Loſs the Ladies would have had, is paſt apprehenſion, we ſhould have had all the Court in Mourning without doubt.

D. *Anton.*

D. Anton. As to the Ladies loſs Sir, I can ſay little to't, but if I had done otherwiſe then well, Gad your Lordſhip had loſt the moſt Dutifull and hopefull Son in all *Spain*, that I dare affirm.

D. Gar. Your Servant Sir.

D. Anton. Yours Sir: what, I ſcorn to be behind-hand with any one in Civility?

D. Fern. But I beſeech ye Sir, can you not gueſs at the perſon that did ye this Injury?

D. Anton. Not I faith Sir, would I could, but Hang him Dog, Bravo, Scoundrell, Villain, he muſt be one of the *Banditti*.

D. Fern. So;

D. Anton. Some baſe abject Ally-lurking ſlave, that takes pay from the Worm-eaten Bawds of *Madrid*, to commit Murders, and for two Dollars and a Buff Doublet might be hired to ſtab his own Father: what think ye Sir, might he not?

D. Fern. It muſt be ſome baſe fellow without doubt, Sir.—— So; he has loaded me with Titles of Honour I thank him—— [*aſide.*

D. Anton. I wiſh you and I had him here Sir; I know you are ſo much my friend, you'd have a Limb of the Rogue, at leaſt.

D. Fern. He ſhould not ſcape us eaſily Sir: now ſhall I be drawn-in for a Second againſt my ſelf, and Ingage my own Sword to cut my own Throat, I have a very hopefull buſ'neſs on't faith. [*aſide.*

Enter Grillon.

D. Anton. Now Sirrah, where's the Lady?

Grill. The Lady—— why the Lady is with a Lord.

Anton. How now fool!

Grill. Sr, they tell me She's engag'd with a French Count that's come hither to marry her.

D. Anton. Ye dog, no Jeſting now, a French Count.

Grill. Even ſo, I'm ſure I ſmelt him; for he has perfum'd all the Rooms he has gone through, he ſents like an an Eſſence-Bottle.

D. Gar. What Lady is this Sr? Not *Dona Elvira*, I hope, the Rich heireſs.

D. Anton. The very ſame by this light Sir, and my wife that ſhall be in ſpite of *Monſieur Pulvillio*, or e're a Count in Chriſtendom: *Grillon* get the Coach ready, I am well enough to go abroad, and gad I'le be with her inſtantly.

D. Gar. I hope he will get her from thee, ha, ha——

D. Anton. My Life for't, he ſhall get my ſword in his Guts then: no, no, ſhe's a Jewell not to be loſt ſo eaſily; *Laura* I confeſs I only deſired for my pleaſure, but *Elvira* tyes me faſter; ſhe is to be my wife, the mother of my family: beſides ſhe's Rich as well as Beautifull, and who takes her from me ſhall make a worſe hole in my ſide then I have already:

And

And ſo begging your Lordſhips pardon, I take leave Sir; I ſhall be glad to be better known t'ye, in the mean time believe me your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit Antonio.*

D. Gar. A mad wild fellow Captain, but he ſhall get no miſchief this time, for I will be near him, his body is not yet prepar'd for a Second Engagement: come let's follow.

As they are going out, Don Ariel *meets 'em.*

D. Ariel. Oh my good Lord! I am very glad I've met ye:

D. Gar. What's the matter *Signiour?*

D. Ariell. My Old Plague, my Lord, my old plague——he's gone again, he's loſt, he's gone again:

D. Gar. Your Wits *Signiour.*

D. Ariell. My Son, my Lord, my rebellious Son; he Stole away this Morning from my houſe when I was faſt aſleep, and is gone the Dee'l knows whither.

D. Gar. Faith I'me ſorry he's ſo unruly Sir; but I've a little affair now about my own Son——which exacts my Company and forces me to begg pardon, and leave ye:

D. Ariell. Not in diſtreſs, I beſeech your Lordſhip: conſider my Caſe a little, I have loſt my ſon, my boy *Diego*, my only ſon.

D. Gar. Why Sir, I have a ſon, an only Son too, that may be in danger of being loſt if I prevent it not, therefore pray excuſe me:

D. Ariell. Tho' he be an ungracious Villain, yet I can't chuſe but have ſome bowells for him, my Lord:

D. Gar. With all my Heart Sir, but what would you have me do?

D. Ariel. I beſeech your Lordſhip only to order a Guard to ſearch for him, that's all my Lord, do but that for me.

D. Gar. And are ye ſure he's in the Town?

D. Ariel. Why there's the Devil on't now, I know not where the Raſcal is, whither in Town, or Country, or Village, or where he is: but I'le ſearch the Kingdom round, but I'le have him; I'le ride to *Tolledo* my ſelf to morrow; it may be the Villain is got lurking at my houſe there, and I'le have him if he be above ground.

D. Fern. And to oblige ye Sir, I'le keep you Company thither, for my Company quarters there, and I've a little buſineſs, but I go with much more willingneſs, having the favour to wait on you.

D. Ariell. Doſt thou——why then thou'rt a brave fellow, and I'le kiſs thee, gad would thou wert my Son, would thou wert a *Diego*: O my Conſcience thou would'ſt not uſe me ſo,——but I'le make him an Example; I'le chain him by this hand if e're I get him again.

D. Gar. Come, come defer not the time then, but about it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Dona Elvira, Eugenia, Lucia, *and* Chriſtina.

Elvira. *Chriſtina*, bid the Porter, if the Count comes again, to ſay I'me not at home:—Dear Cozen you are welcome to my houſe; and let me beſeech ye to reſpite your Sorrows a little: You know misfortunes are never made leſs by grieving, nor can our tears retrieve our fatal loſſes, you are here as if at home, all's at your Service; and what lyes at my power to Comfort you, believe, you ſhall command.

Lucia. Would I were either Married or Dead, for my part, for 'tis to no purpoſe to live thus: In my Conſcience I have not ſeen a Man this ten days; for my Aunt is now really afraid of 'em, and will run away if ſhe hears 'em ſay, yonders a man, as faſt as a poor Traveller would from the barking of a Wolf in *Ireland*.

Eugen. Away you wild fool.

Lucia. Nay 'tis true upon my Credit, if I have ſeen any Creature of the Male-kind ſince my Cozen *Laura* has been gone, but the Parquite that hangs in the Cloſet, and Fiddle, our little Lap Dog, may I be condemn'd for a Nun at Eighteen, without ever having the Pleaſure of peeping through the Grates.

Eugen. Was there ever ſuch a Giddy Gooſe, her tongue runs on nothing all day long but Men, I think the Girl's mad? would thou had'ſt one in——

Lucia. In my Cloſet at home, i'faith, and would I had, ſo he were one I lik't.

Eugen. Piſh 'tis in vain to talk to thee, thou art ſo hair-brain'd; Coſin I accept your Courteſy with gratefull thanks; for I muſt needs acknowledge my own houſe is hatefull to me, which makes me (tho' with ſome unwillingneſs) give you this trouble.

Enter Chriſtina.

Chriſtin. Madam, there's a Gentleman at the Gate enquiring for ye, and is juſt lighting out of his Coach.

Eugen. Cozen, I'le beg your pardon, and retire, you have Company coming. [*Exit* Eugen.

Lucia. For Heavens ſake who is't? } Elvira *peeps out of the window.*

Elvira. *Don Antonio* as I live—go Introduce him. *Exit* Chriſtina.

Lucia. *Don Antonio*——

Elvira. The fame, the Tyrant *Antonio* whom I fear in ſpite of all the Woman

Woman in my nature the tricks and ſubtleties that I have us'd, I ſhall be forc'd to marry at laſt.

Lucia. To marry!

Elvira. I'me very much afraid on't, the Match has been carrying on this two years betwixt his Father and myUnkle, but of late he begins to have an Intereſt here himſelf: Dear *Lucia*, ſtep into the next room, I would not have him ſee you.

Lucia. Yet within this fortnight did I hear this Inconſtant wretch ſwear to *Lavra*, ſhe was the only perſon he could Love; Oh Men! Abominable Men! if the Devil does not at one time or another, fetch ye away a pick a pack for theſe things, I ſhall ſwear by my Virginity your Merits are not well rewarded: Now to my Chamber, where I will endeavour to liſten and hear what this ſtrange Impudence can ſay to her.

Enter Don Antonio.

D. Anton. Thus ſhe appears like the bright dazling Sun,
And I the humble flower ſhe ſhines upon:
But Madam, why retir'd thus and alone? Methinks a Beauty bleſs'd with your attractions, like Majeſty, ſhould always have full Court, never without a Prince, Don, Count, or ſomething.

D. Elvira. Sir were I fond of Company I could perhaps be viſited by ſome of theſe.

D. Anton. Oh! I could have told you that without the Spirit of Propheſy, for who e're had his *Eyes* that could not ſee the French Embaſſadour the Count *Beaupre*, dreſs'd like a Maſquer in a grand Ballet, with all his Train, ſix Lacques and a Page, rolling from your apartment; gad Madam, I intend to accuſe ye as an Enemy to the State, for negotiating privately with forrain Miniſters, through a miſchevious deſign of making your Self popular.

D. Elvira. You'l not be beleiv'd Sir, for who will imagine any ſuch miſcheif can harbour in the breaſt of an innocent woman?

D. Anton. Rather what dull Coxcomb is he that will not Imagine your Innocent womans breaſt Capable of harbouring any miſcheif under the Sun.

D Elvira. Not rebellions, I hope Sir; we are ſeldom famous for Politiques.

D. Anton. Gad ye are the beſt in the world for raiſing a Faction; There is a never-failing Influence about a woman that can draw a Regiment of Rebells together ſooner then either Religion or Loyalty, can make up a file.

D. Elvira. A meer Errour in Judgment, what Influence is that?

D. Anton. What Influence?

D. Elvira. Yes what?

D. Anton. Faith Gueſſe, I am too modeſt a man to name what, I thank ye.

D. Elvira. And 'tis that Modeſty that Introduces ye hither Sir; for my part I was never fond of riddles.

D. Anton. No, but you are fond of ſome to my knowledge, whoſe converſation hardly amounts to the Wit of Ridling.

D. Elvira. There's the vanity of all you men of the Town, when you ſuſpect your little or no advantage over us, you upbraid us with your Wit; Wit is ſtill the bugbear to keep us in awe, and pray what would our Wit ſignify, if the woman you lov'd, ſhould fancy a handſome fool beyond ye.

D. Anton. 'Twould Signify thus much, that I ſhould deſpiſe her as a Monſter, and ſhould have the Pleaſure of Raylng at her.

D. Elvira. Rail at her you might, but to diſpiſe her or ceaſe loving, you could hang your ſelf as ſoon.

D. Anton. How, hang my ſelf, not for any woman in Chriſtendom; by this light; I love the pleaſure of a Friend and a bottle to well.

D. Elvira. Yes, Stab, Poyſon, Drown your ſelf, any thing if ſhe were Beautyfull, and you really really lov'd her.

D. Anton. And you do really thihk me ſuch a fool?

D. Elvira Juſt ſuch a fool by this good light as you were ſaying.

D. Anton. Your Servant Madam, I hope you'l allow me the fortune of one then, I ſhall be ſucceſsfull with the fair Sex by your own Rule.

D. Elvira. No, not ſo neither; you are of too Jealous a Nature; an Imperfection I hate beyond folly or Cowardneſs; Jealouſy! defend me from't, Sweet heaven; beſides, if you Expoſe this vice ſo plainly now, what would you do if you had power over me?

D. Anton. Nothing but bleſs my fortune: Oh my dear Angell, this is but raillery; for had I power o're thee; the Cauſe of my wild fears would then be gone, 'tis as thou art my Miſtriſſe I am Jealous, not if my Wife; my Jealouſy ſprings from my fear to loſe thee, but when poſſeſſing thee what could I fear?

D. Elvira. My very ſhadow, if you ſaw it follow me, and hinder me from walking.

D. Anton. Impoſſible!

D. Elvira. Too well I know the effects of an ill habit, whether in the Eyes or Tongue if once learn'd throughly, there is no alt'ring Nature; and——Jealouſy if once it taint the heart

Is never thence to be remov'd by Art.

D. Anton. There are a thouſand reaſons to convince thee; wer't thou but mine, and were I ſure of thee, eternal peace would bloom around my Soul, and all my froſt-nipt hopes ſprout out in Joy, Couching my head, bleſt with a dream of thee; upon the fragrant Bank of thy lov'd boſome, where Peace & everlaſting ſweetneſs dwells what Icy fear could harm me,

but

but as thou art, blown on by the Corrupted breath of folly of Counts and Coxcombs, have I not cauſe to fear? have I not mighty Cauſe?

D. Elvira. Believe ſo ſtill, by all my deareſt hopes, you have ſhown ſo much of rudeneſs and ill humour, that I'le not take the pains to undeceive ye.

D. Anton. I know you wo'not for many powerfull reaſons; a Truth is very hard to be confuted.

D. Elvira. This comes of Entertaining witty men: a fool that can oblige, I ſwear's a bleſſing, for he can be reſpectfull and obſervant, whil'ſt t'other proudly dares inſult and rail, and think his merit is enough to Court us.

D. Anton. Take then your fool, and ſince you are reſolv'd to give me no aſſurance, let us ——

D. Elvira. Let us part ——

D. Anton. Agreed.

D. Elvira. —— For ever. [Elv. *is going away.*

D. Anton. No, I cannot ſpeak that word; what am I ſaying? oh my fooliſh Paſſion; Madam, come back, or by yon glorious heaven my Soul ſhall follow ye. [*draws his Sword.*

D. Elvira. Well I'me the verieſt fool; but believe Sir, I return only to ſave your life. [*coming back.*

Lucia. [*peeping.*] Ah Pox take him, his life was in great danger indeed: oh this Impoſtor, d'ſlight if I were near him I'de cut his wind-pipe with his own Sword; if I would not I'me a Jew.

D. Elvira. Would I had never ſeen ye, but from this moment I am reſolv'd I wo'not.

D. Anton. If you ſhould Swear it you might keep the Oath; for ſuch another frown as that would kill me.

D. Elvira. This it but one of your Ill-humour'd Minutes, I know I ſhall have more of 'em hereafter.

D. Anton. You ſhall not, by this Kiſs you never ſhall; come, are we friends now!

D. Elvira. Friends.

D. Anton. I, I —— the faſter for this wrangling, forgiveneſs is the deareſt part of Love; and thou haſt ſo much of heaven in thy nature I cannot fail of Pardon —— that pretty Smile confirms it; and like the Rainbow ſhews the Storm is gone —— you ſhall accept a Serenade from me to night where ſhall it be?

D. Elvira. At my Unkles *Signior Baptiſta's*, for I have Strangers in my own houſe, and 'twill not be convenient here, but I ſwear I'me too eaſy a fool.

D. Anton. Piſh, prethee no more o' that: well! it ſhall be there, and to morrow the Marriage-knot ſhall tye us faſt for ever, on which my Muſe on th' Inſtant invents this ſhort remarque.

The Wedlock blessing in this Age must be,
Like one that dives for Pearls into the Sea;
If he returns, he brings the happy prize,
And has but equal Chances if he dyes:
So when through Marriage deeps we venture on
Meeting the Prize, our life with Joys we Crown,
And share but Common fortune if we drown.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. *SCENE* I.

Enter Megæra *and* Leon *Masqu'd and Disguis'd.*

Megæra. GEt ye into the Grove, *I* say—why Captain Clodpate what in the devils name d'ye here? Is this a place fit for the business; gad forgive me, d'ye think we can Rob her here?

Leon. 'Tis a little too near the Road I think, but where is she *Meg*? where ha'st left her?

Meg. Asleep yonder under a Tree, ha, ha, ha,—I warrant the foolish slutt little dreams of what's coming to her.

Leon. And has she good store of Gold and Jewels about her?

Meg. Yes truly, she's well enough provided; the booty will serve turn: Heaven make us thankfull for it!

Leon. 'Tis well pray'd *Meg*, 'tis well pray'd — we ought indeed to thank heaven for all benefits.

Meg. Where have you left the rest of your Comrades?

Leon. All dispersst about the Woods, watching for passengers, *Rufino*, *Diego*, *Frisco*, they are all out.

Meg. Bless, bless their Labours—go, go, get you gone into the Grove, she may be awake by this time.

Leon. When you see me coming, run you away as if you were frighted, d'ye hear *Meg*; and then let me alone with her: I must get the old Buttock out of the way, or else I shall never Ravish her in quiet, and that were to lose more then the booty. [*aside.*

[*Exit Leon.*

Enter

Enter Lawra.

Lawra. Delightfull Harmony and General Joy ſurrounds the Groves, and all the pretty Birds, in Mirthfull Songs, proclaim their ſatisfaction: The Goddeſs of the Spring decks every Field; and each tall Tree with cool refreſhing ſhade, ſuccours the Traveller nigh ſcorcht with heat, and adds freſh vigour to his fainting ſpirits; The ſmiling face of Nature ſeems as fair, as if 'twere the firſt moment of Creation: nothing is ſad but my poor throbbing heart, that beats it's breaſt, and knows no end of Sorrow —— where are ye Mother? come ſhall we go on?

Meg. Here, Here, honey-ſuckle, I am not far from ye; I have been watching ye careſully, that I have indeed; why you have had a fine Nap on't, ha ——

Lawra. I have ſlept a little too long I'me afraid, ſhall we get to my Unkles houſe ro night, think ye mother?

Meg. I hope we ſhall Daiſy-bud, I hope we ſhall, if nothing hinder, I hope we ſhall get thither in good time.

Lawra. Nay, I'me reſolv'd I'le walk apace, you ſhall beat me if I lag behind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon.

Leon. She's coming down the Hill yonder, leaning upon the Arm of my old Iniquity; and at this diſtance methinks they look juſt like the Picture of Spring and Winter; never were the two Seaſons mixt ſo before; her walking has got her ſuch an Angelicall Colour, that the bloſſom of a Peach looks dull to her; ds'death I'me almoſt mad to think what a feaſt I ſhall make on her; for by fair means or foul I am ſo ſharp ſet, that I ſhall fall too moſt vigorouſly. [*gets behind a Tree.*

Re-enter Lawra *and* Megæra.

Lawra. Is it ſo dangerous a place for Robbing ſay ye Mother?

Meg. Why troth it has been I think a very dangerous place; but the Rogues are all ſcatter'd, they are all hang'd now, thanks be given to Providence.

Lawra. Pray Heaven *I* get well to my Journeys End; alas! *I* am not proof againſt my fears; and tho' I've done no ill *I* cannot chuſe but fear. [*Weeps.*

Leon *ruſhes out with his Sword drawn.*

Leon. How now, what Varlets are you? Hah——come, come, deliver, deliver—— Money, Money, diſpatch, come.

Lawra. Ah! —— [*Shreeks.*

Meg.

Meg. Oh ſtrange Misfortune! Help, Help, Thieves, Thieves, help, help,— [*Runs out.*

Lawra. Here Sir— in this Casket is all the Treaſure I have in the World; I may ſtarve when this is gone, *I* give it you with all my heart, but let me beg ye not to fright me ſo.

Leon. 'Tis Gold and Jewells, and as I think of Conſiderable value: Gad ſhe pays well, and therefore 'tis fit ſhe ſhould be well us'd: 'troth Madam, your Casket here ſpeaks very Charmingly, but you have another Treaſure about ye that I muſt ſhare in before you and *I* part.

[*pulls her away.*

Lawra. If you have any humanity, do not hurt me ſo: alas! *I* am a poor diſtreſſed Woman, oh pitty me, pitty me Sir! as you expect health or fortune.

Leon. I do both pitty thee, and love thee, thou ſhalt finde the Effects on't inſtantly,

Lawra. Oh! *I*'me undone; help, help, help.—

Enter Don Fernand.

D. Fern. I heard a Shreek, and it ſeem'd a womans voice; hah! nay then I'me not deceiv'd; Thou rude and boyſt'rous Ruffian, turn thee round, let go the Lady, and front me face to face, e're thy black Soul makes payment for this Villany. [*Draws.*

Leon. Hah! what do I ſee, my Young Runagate Rogue, come on Sir, I'le ſend you to the Devill preſently.

[*Fight, & Leon is wounded & falls within the Scene.*

D. Fern. Thou fooliſh bragging wicked wretch, lye there, I'le talk with you anon, in the mean time I le [*takes the Casket from him.* ſeize on this for the Ladies uſe.

Leon. A Plague on him, he has given it me with a vengeance.

D. Fern. Madam, as I am infinitely happy that my propitious Stars have guided me thus luckily to do ye this [*giving her the Casket.* piece of ſervice, ſo my deſire is eager to know from whence, and what you are, for Heavenly Beauty bluſhes in your face; and ſo much Excellence appears upon ye, that they ſufficiently inform my Judgment you are of no Vulgar breeding nor Extraction.

Lawra. Sir. when I have breath to tell ye the ſad ſtory; when my cold bloud now frozen in my Veins through fear, regains its heat and vitall ſtrength again, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd; in the mean time thus low upon my knees *I* beg the powers of heaven to reward ye, for you have preſerv'd what's dearer then my life, by the moſt Generous Act e're done by man.

D. Fern. 'Tis much too poor and worthleſs, faireſt Angell, nor can *I* deſerve half your acknowledgments; the Swords of all brave men are drawn for honour, and ſtill they glory in't; how much more am I oblig'd then, that drew mine, for honours deareſt prize, a Lovely woman, dreſs'd

dreſs'd with all graces Nature e're invented.

Lawra. Oh do not praiſe me Sir; for then my fears return, and tho' your face methinks is full of honour, yet I alas have found by ſad experience, no man was ever full of my applauſe, but he deſign'd me miſchief.

D. Fern. What ſordid Brute, what more then Devil is he could have a thought to wrong thee, but if there can be ſuch a fiend in Nature, as by my ſoul I hardly think there can, believe dear Saint, I am not of that baſe temper; for by thoſe Charming Eyes that influence me, I love thy Beauty with ſuch Modeſt Zeal as has not in't a ſpark of looſe deſire.

Lawra. I thank ye from my ſoul; and now methinks, you have given me ſo much Courage, I dare truſt ye with the ſad ſecret of my wretched fortune; Know then my Name is *Lawra*, and my Parents were Virtuous, Rich, and Honourable.

D. Fern. Lawra did you ſay your Name was; Madam?

Lawra. Yes Sir, and driven to the diſtreſs you find me in through my unhappy Love.

D. Fern. The Daughter of *Sebaſtian* and *Eugenia.*

Lawra. The very ſame Sir.

D. Fern. I am all wonder; pray proceed Madam.

Lawra. It was my unhappy fortune to have addreſſes made me by a Young Cavalier of *Madrid*, whoſe Name is *Don Antonio*, whoſe interiour merits and perſonal graces got ſo large a ſhare in my eſteem, that upon his Oaths and Vows of honourably proceeding by ſacred marriage, I conſented to admit him to viſit me by night.

D. Fern. 'Tis ſo, I find it now beyond all doubt, this is the very Lady that has been loſt from *Madrid*, and ſhe that *Don Antonio* ſpoke of; and I am that very unlucky inquiſitive dog that have been the cauſe of all her misfortunes. [*aſide.*

[Don Ariell *within*] *Halloo, hoa, hoa, hoa,*— [*hollows.*

Lawra. Alas Sir! there was a poor old woman with me who was guiding me to find out *Don Ariel*, an Unkle of mine at *Tolledo*, in whoſe protection I intended to put my ſelf, who upon that Villains approach fled into the wood, and I fear by this noiſe, is come to ſome miſchief.

D. Fern. Is *Don Ariell* your Unkle?

Lawra. Yes Sir, my Mothers only Brother.

D. Fern. Then is there another accident to ſurprize ye with; for Madam, that very noiſe you hear is your Unkles voice, who has been at *Madrid* this three days, and is now going with me to *Tolledo*, in ſearch of a fugitive Son: Upon hearing your Skreek I left him, and being much younger then he, ran in to your reſcue.

Lawra. Oh Heaven what ſhall I do then?

D. Fern. That we'l conſult hereafter: Firſt let's find out our old woman, and as we go I ſhall deſire you to proceed in your diſcourſe; for I long

long to hear the remainder of the Story, and I believe can inform you ſomething relating to it.

Lawra. This way ſhe went Sir, and ſhe's too much a Cripple to run far.

[*Exeunt* Fern. & Lawra.

Enter Don Ariell *and* Lopez.

D. Ariell. Holloa! hoa, hoa, hoa—— where the Devil is this young fellow gone? gad, methought he bounſt forward like hunted Buck over a Park-pale, he has ſpy'd ſome Wench or other, I'le lay my life, and is gone to take a run with her.

Lopez. If he is ſo hot at Storming, he may meet with foul weather in the Trenches, I can tell him that.

D. Ari. Why there's my Rogue too, my *Diego*, that I am hunting thus after, was a plaguy dog at a Wench, but hang him I could have allow'd him that, if the Rogue would have learnt his book, and been Dutifull, I ſhould not have much matter'd his Whoring, but if ever I get him again.——

Enter Diego *and* Friſco *with Piſtolls.*

Diego. A prize by this light, here's but two of 'em, and one ſeems to be an Old Fellow; a Rare prize faith, *Friſco*—— Come, bear up man.

Friſco. Well well, let me alone, go you on and minde your buſineſs; Attack you firſt.

Diego. Stand and Deliver,—— Come, come, Deliver I ſay, quick, quick.

D. Ari. What's the matter?

Diego. Zooks 'tis my Father—— [*turns aſide.*

Friſco. And Sirah ſtand you ſtill, or I'le ſhoot ye thorough the head, and make Sawce of your brains for my Supper to Night, ye Rogue: { *Whilſt he is turn'd aſide,* D. Ariel *ſtrikes the Piſtoll out of his hand.*

D. Ari. There ſhall be no delivery from me whilſt there's a Sword in my hand, Raſcall.

Diego. I muſt Fight with him there's no avoiding on't, for now his blood's up, I know the Old Scoundrel will Fence like a Fury.

{ *Fight here, and* Diego *ſtrikes away* Don Ariel's *Sword, and Stooping for it, drops his Maſque.*

D. Ari. What! my Son *Diego*—— Oh unnatural Villain!

Diego. Your moſt Dutiful and Obedient Son, Sir.

D. Ari. Turn'd a Robber, a Rogue, one of the *Banditti*, Sirah, I'le have thee Hang'd if there be any Law in *Spain.*

Diego. 'Tis to no purpoſe to let him ſtand, and rail thus; I'faith I'le Rob him and there's an end on't: but what Raſcall [*to* Friſco

haſt

haſt thou got here, hah—— how! what my Curſed Mathematician—— this is beſt of all, flea him, knock out his brains, we'l batter your Fortifications for ye, Sirrah —— I told ye I ſhould meet ye alone one time or other.

Lopez. Haſt thou no Humanity? does not Nature pleade in thee for me?

Friſco Let me alone with him, go you and plume that old fellow there, come, Sirah, your purſe, when I ſee what matter there is in that, you ſhall ſee what Nature we are of preſently.

[*Robs him of Mathematical Inſtruments.*

Diego. Old fellow, come Strip, Strip, Uncaſe, let's ſee your inſide? come:

D. Ari. How! Strip, Sirah:

Diego. Ay, ay, Strip, and be Robb'd quietly you had beſt; I have a great deal more buſineſs to do before Night yet.

D. Ari. More buſineſs: the Rogue talks as if he were going to ſettle the Nation; Sirah, your buſineſs will bring ye to the Gallows, I ſhall ſee ye mount within this three days.

Diego. Such another word as that, and you ſhall mount immediately, mount upon that Tree there; I'le be the Raiſing of my Family for once, gad I'le hang ye my ſelf.

D. Ari. Monſtrous! Sure there never was ſuch a Villain born—— what to talk of hanging his father; —— oh Confounded Rogue! I am out of patience; why Sirah, who am I? am not I your Father? couldſt thou have the Conſcience to hang thy Father?

Diego. Father, ay, and Mother too, Uncles and Aunts, Brothers and Siſters, Cozens and Cozen-Germains, all the whole Family by this light at twenty Dollars a head.

D. Ari. Thou could'ſt not Varlet, thou could'ſt not.

Diego. I tell ye I could, and I would too, beſides I know not whether you are my Father or no; or 'tis all one if you are; for whether I got you, or you got me, or we got one another, 'tis not a half-penny matter: I am ſure I am moſt like a Father at this time, for I have the power in my hands—— therefore as I ſaid before, ſtrip, come.

D. Ari. Strip!

Diego. Ay, ay, Strip; off with your Caſſock, there may be Gold quilted in't; diſpatch I ſay. [*pulls off his coat.*

D. Ariell. Why, thou art not in earneſt, dog Rogue, thou art not in earneſt, art thou? [Friſco *has bound & gag'd* Lopez.

Diego Look look, he trifles with me, I ſee I muſt bind him—— there's nothing to be done elſe —— where's the Tape Brother? the Tape, the Tape, I muſt bind, and Gag him.

Friſco. I have none on't, I made uſe of a Card there for my Merchant.

Diego. Who carried the Tape to day? hee's Robbing indeed that a man shall want his necessaries: gad he shall be turn'd out of his imployment that has carried away the Tape whoever he be.

D. Ari. Why Sirrah, thou wilt not binde and Gag thy Father, wilt thou?

Diego. Yes faith, if my Father won't be civil, and produce quietly.

Friſco. If he wont, Binde him, and hang him up by the heels, he may have Jewells hid in his mouth, brother.

D. Ariell. There's another rogue, now, oh I'me diſtracted, mad, out of my wits: why Sirrah! haſt no nature in thee, no compaſſion?

Diego. Money, Money, Money, come.

D. Ariell. There's a hundred Dollars and be hang'd—— oh! I ſhall choak my ſelf with Choller—— but *Diego*—— Son *Diego*, come I'le be friends with thee, if thou wilt reform and leave this Courſe of life.

Diego. What! and learn the Mathematicks again, ſhall I—— learn to have my bones broke, ſeeking to defend 'em by rule and figure, according to the inſtructions of muſty *Algebra* there, that Trigonometricall Sot ſhall I? no, no, I like my preſent [*kicks* Lopez. Trade much better, I thank ye.

D. Ariell. He's paſt all Grace, there's no dealing with him.

Lopes. Now am not I half ſo much concern'd at the blows and kicks I have receiv'd, as I am to hear this ſordid illiterate dunce abuſe the Sciences; but I'le have patience, and be reveng'd at full, for I'me certain I know that Rogue that bound me by his voice.

Friſco. Search his fobb, ſearch his fobb man—— there's ſome old Gold or Jewells, or ſomething.

Diego. Well thought on, come Old Fellow, let's ſee your fobb.

D. Ariell. My fobb.

Diego. Ay, ay, fobb fobb, fobb.

D. Ariell. Oh! there's a Jewel in't worth a thouſand Dollars, I'me undone, ruin'd for ever:—— [*aſide.* {Diego *Binds him and* {*feels for it.*

Diego. I have it boy, I have it—— and wealth enough in it to keep us all our lives—— I'le kiſs thee faith, dear Dog, for thinking of the fobb—— ah! ye Old Hunks you would have cheated us of this, would ye?

Friſco. We ſhall be made for ever by the fobb, we'le roar and revell like Emperours, I would not take a thouſand Dollars for my ſhare—— tholl, loll, loll. {*they ſing and* {*jump about.*

Enter Don Fernand *and* Lawra.

D. Fern. Madam, I have ſuch a paſſionate reſentment of the ſad Story you have told me, that my honour is concern'd to do you Juſtice, which ſhall be done ſuddenly, but why your old woman ſhould run away not letting me ſee her face, is a wonder.

Lawra.

Laura. I believe her fears made her apprehend you to be one of the Robbers.

D. Fern. 'Tis likely; but ſtay, who have we here?

Diego. Then we'l have Wine in abundance.

Friſco. And Wenches by the dozen, ha, ha, ha!——

D. Fern. Don Ariell ſtript, theſe are more of the Rogues, and as it happens unarm'd too, this was lucky.

[*Whilſt they are looking on the Jewell,* Don Fernand *ſeizes their Swords and Piſtols that lye negligently on the ground.*

Diego. I warrant this will pawn now for fifteen hundred Dollars, upon occaſion; God a mercy old fellow, faith—— hah—— [*ſees* Fernand *and is ſurpriſ'd.*

Laura. Here's my Unkle as I live, but this Maſque will ſecure me from his knowledge.

D. Fern. Nay ſtir not a foot Sir; you pawn your ſoul if you do: there *Don* there's your *Sword* for ye. [*unbinds him.*

Friſco. He does not mind me yet, there's no loytring now, I muſt run for't—— [*Exit* Friſco.

D. Ariell. Hum,—— hum,—— now Rogue,—— now Dog what d'ye think on't now, *Sirrah*,—— who ſhall mount now Raſcall,—— thank thee dear *Don* for this aſſiſtance faith, but who doſt thou think this Villain is here?

D. Fern. Who this Robber here?

D. Ariell. Ay, this ſon of a whore, who but my own Naturall *Son*, my own rebellious fleſh and bloud, as gad ſhall ſave me—— I got him on his mother when ſhe was in her fits, and the devil has been in him ever ſince.

D. Fern. Unnaturall Brute, what robb and ſtrip his father?

D. Ariell. Ay, ſtrip me too; nay, the Rogue has us'd me like a Jew—— but I'le give him his patrimony preſently—— come, Sirrah, ſtand and deliver—— quick, quick, I'le run my Sword in your gutts elſe—— I'le tickle you for a young thief; I'le teach you your Trade Sirrah. {Lopez *is unbound here.* {*beats him and takes away the Jewell, and Money.*

Diego. Very well; bear witneſs here, he bids me ſtand upon the Kings high-way; I'le bring you in for a party, father—— you have Robb'd me, I'le take my Oath on't.

Lopez. The other Raſcall is run for't.

Diego. Is he, then will I peach him like a hen-hearted Rogue as he is, no man ſhall have a good word from me that has not the Courage to be hang'd in my company.

D. Ariell. Very well, Sirrah, we'le ſee how you'l behave your ſelf before the Corigidore anon.

D. Fern. Here is another of 'em hereabouts that I think I have hamſtring'd——oh! are you there Sir, come, pray let's ſee your ſweet

Countenance, ha—— [*pulls in Leon and unmasques him.*
Shame and Confusion seize me, what, do I see my father? accursed Chance that brought me here to know my fatall ignominy, and guided my rash hand to shed that bloud of which my Veins are full.

Diego. How's this! what our Captain his father; he's come of a very hopefull house that I'le say for him.

Leon. Cease your Complaints young man, you have no Naturall Cause to mourn for me.

D. Fern. No Cause to mourn.

Leon. None, none at all, but I am faint with bleeding, carry me to some house where I may rest a little, and e're I dye I will discover wonders.

D. Ariell. It may be the Rogue knows somewhat of my Neice *Lawra*, away, away with him quickly, that he may tell one truth in his life-time,—— go Sirrah, get you after, [Lopez *leads* Leon *out.*
I'le be your driver for once—— [*to* Diego.
come *Don*, will you go? how now, who hast thou got there? a merry Buttock, hah, prethee let's see her face.

D. Fern. Oh Sir, by no means, you must excuse me.

D. Ariell. Who could have imagin'd to find a wench here, in a Wilderness; but the Devil's in 'em they breed like Flesh-flyes and are swarming all the world over; come, come, prethee come along.——
[*Exit* D. Ariell.

D. Fern. Now Madam, to inform you in something relating to *Don Antonio*, whom I perceive is the Cause of your misfortune: know that he is to morrow to be married to *Dona Elvira* the rich heiress.

Lawra. To be Married, Sir.

D. Fern. Most certainly, and to morrow; the Match has been carrying on this two years.

Lawra. Oh faithless, perjur'd Traytor.

D. Fern. Very true, he is so, but assure your self as I have now an interest in your concerns, so I will with honour and Justice proceed, and call him to such an account, as I believe will prove to your content, and the preserving your honour from all Injury.

Lawra. Sir, I am oblig'd to ye for more then life.

D. Fern. My life and it's Effects are at your service.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter D. Antonio *and* Christina.

D. Antonio. This you say you dare affirm to be tru'h, upon forfeit of your Maiden-head, to be surrendred and paid down like a Citizens Bill upon demand.

Christina. I dare Sir; and yet I vow the forfeiture affrights me, for if I should chance to be in the wrong, Lord have mercy upon me, what would become of me?

D. Anton. That *Lucia* has told your Lady all my past Intrigue with *Dona Laura.*

Christin. Every particle on't; she has told all she knows, and I believe more, from your first Address to her, when she was at Mass in St. *Jaques* Church, to your Midnight-Intrigue when you were taken up in a Basket in at her Garret-Window.

D. Anton. Confound her, and she has told I warrant, that I kist her young plump, freckled Dairy-maid, upon the Hay in the Coach-house.

Christina. That too Sir, she has told all.

D. Anton. All! with a Pox to her, a fine all indeed; Now will here be a rare harangne, betwixt me and my Spouse, that must be at our next meeting.

Christina. Then she says you are the Lewdest man in the whole World, that you make no Conscience of Betraying Women; that you have above fifty Mistresses now in pay, and have at this very instant, of Bastards, some two dozen and Odd, which are now at Nurse in the Alms-houses at *Toledo.*

D. Anton. The Devil's in her——what does she give no bounds to her Lying, if ever I had above three, I wish materials may fail me upon the most pressing Occasion.

Christina. Have a care of wishing Sir, for fear you lose an Heir to your Family.

D. Anton. Nor had I got those neither, but only by way of Sample, and I gad I am of opinion, a man should no more Marry a Wife without first taking a sample of himself, then he should without knowing whether his intended bedfellow were a man or a woman.

Elvira. Why, would you be so wicked to desire to know that before you were Married?

D. Anton. Yes faith——I should be so unconscionable, that's the truth on't, for I would no more bargain with a Wife, without knowing her qualifications, then I would buy a Horse without looking in his Mouth,

Mouth, to know his Age.

Christin. So, I finde your Horſe and your Miſtriſs equally make up the Compariſon.

D. Anton. No, there's a little variation ſweet-heart, tho' in one point they agree; but to the purpoſe, here's a token for thee, prethee go, ſpeak well of me, and prepare thy Lady inſtantly for my Serenade, and then let me alone with her afterwards. [*they Whiſper.*

Enter Friſco *Gayly attir'd.*

Friſco. My happy Brains and my quick Leggs have I hope brought me out of Danger, all my Comrades I ſuppoſe are taken, and conſequently wi l be Hang'd; but my Maſque did then ſecure my face, as theſe accoutrements do now my perſon, ſo now I leave 'em, and wiſh to each, a happy deliverance out of the Cares and Troubles of this Anxious Life, well, 'tis a rare thing to be wiſe, for as a worthy Poet a Brother of our Order, ſays.

A Bifronted Conſcience like the Sign of an Ale-houſe,
Both faces the Judge and out-faces the Gallows.

D. Anton. hoh, *Signiour Friſco*, moſt luckily met Sr, you are the very Perſon that I have inſtant occaſion for, and was juſt ſending to ſeek——

Friſco. Seek me, gad my heart was at my mouth, *Don*, I am your very Servant, and to be employ'd as my honour and good parts ſhall excite me, but I am this Divine Creatures moſt Eternall Slave to whom my heart is vow'd, and all its facultys: Madam permit me I beſeech ye a touch of your fair hand.

Christin. Oh Sr, indeed you honour me too far.

Friſco. The ſweets of *Hibla*, quinteſſence of Amber, breaths from each pore.

D. Anton. Which is as much as to ſay, ſhe has a Sweaty palm.

Friſco. Ah——I am quite another man, I'm raviſhht,——but *Signior* your buſ'neſs: what, I am to be ingaged in ſome Duell I warrant——but pray take Care of me, for mine is a Mortall thruſt I aſſure ye; my foe ſeldom or never recovers.

D. Anton. Sir, I have no need of your Proweſs, upon my Honour, 'tis your Fidling faculty I have occaſion for; I muſt requeſt your Skill in a Serenade inſtantly, the Muſicians are all ready.

Friſco. If my Goddeſs there deigns to accept it from me, *Apollo* and the Muſes ſhall pay duty to her, elſe *Signior* you muſt excuſe me, I Serenade no mans Miſtriſs but my own.

D. Anton. Well Well! It ſhall be ſo her then—— Was there ever ſuch an Impertinent Dog?

Christin. I'le go in and prepare my Lady. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Musicians.

Frisco. Give me the Guittar then, if it be to her I'me satisfy'd.

Serenade here, and Frisco *Sits a Spanish Song affectedly to his Guittar; which ended* Lopez, *and Officers Enter, and Seize* Frisco. { D. Elvira, Lucia, and Christina appear above.

Look down, Look down, fair Saint and see
A Restless Lovers Cares,
Whose Heart was 'till this Moment free
From Beautys Charming Snares,
Look down, Look down fair Saint and see
Chorus. *A Restless Lovers Cares,*

But now alas it flies to you
And round the Street all night I rove
Ah then look down dear Soul and view
The Victim of Almighty Love.
Chorus. *Ah then,* &c.

Second Movement.

Like Spirits we wander in dead time of Night,
Huzza Huzza we roar and we fight;
At last the Watch comes to oppose our delight;
Charge Charge, boy we scower
Through the Bill-men in Flannell,
And down drops a Constable into the Kennell.

The Mock Serenade by *Frisco.*

From Drinking of Sack by the Pottle, { *in those Spaces he thrums the Guittar Ridiculously.*
From breaking a Constables Noddle
* * *His Noddle* * * *his Noddle:*
From Bullys that would have been roaring, been roaring,
And Cullys that would have been Whoring
I have met with a Noise, of Merry Merry Merry Boys
Sweet Lady to hinder your Snoring.
Heark how the Strings Jarr
Now I thrum the Guittar * * * * *
Heark how, &c.

Ah prove not my Foe, leſt my heart I do throw
Up to break your Window, heigh hoe,
Ah prove not my Foe, here I Languiſh below,
To my Sleep I would go, heigh hoe,——
To my Sleep I would go heigh, hoe,
Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, heigh hoe. [*Gapes as if Sleepy.*

Lopez. That's he, that Singing Raſcall there.

Friſco. What's the matter? are ye mad to diſturb me and ſpoil ſuch an admirable Trillo?

Lopez. Oh! you ſhall Trillo at the Gallows, if you are ſo good at it: Officers hold him faſt.

Friſco. Phoo, prethee don't carry the jeſt on too far; *Don Antonio* take off theſe Buffoons, for I have one ſoft Cadunce to come yet, that's better then all.

D. Anton. How now Sirs, why d'ye lay hold of him thus?

Lopez. Signior I have a Warrant againſt him for Fellony and Robbery, and I charge ye in the Kings name not to Reſcue the Priſoner.

D. Anton. For Fellony and Robbery,—— your Servant [*to* Friſco. dear *Don*, Officers you may take him if you pleaſe, and ſo your Servant *Don Trillo.*

Friſco. If it had not happen'd before my Miſtriſſes face, I had not valued it; but however I'le march off as becomes me with Gravity—— Ah Sordid illitterate Poltroons.

Makes affected Congees, and the Officers } [*Exit.*
puſh him away. }

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. The Lady Sr, has ſuch an extraordinary value for your Muſick, that ſhe ſends ye word by me, that if all your Miſtreſſes had ſo paſſionate a Sentiment of your merit as ſhe has, you would never be at quiet for *Billet deux* and *Addreſſes.*

D. Anton. Why thou little malicious dog in a Manger, thou haſt not been poſſeſſing her againſt me, haſt thou?

Lucia. So much on the contrary Sir, that I have been giving her an extraordinary Character of your Virtue, eſpecially your Victorious Succeſs upon the Ladies; not forgetting your Intrigue with poor *Lawra*, and your Matchleſs Conſtancy upon that occaſion.

D. Anton. Lawra! A Murd'rous Witch, I hate her very memory.

Lucia. Oh fear nothing Sir, *Dona Elvira* has a moſt profound ſenſe of your fidelity, and reſents what I have told her of you in ſo extraordinary a manner, that ſhe hates the very ſex, and all ſuch ingrateſull Brutes for your ſake; and ſo I leave ye to her Sir, very glad it lay in my power to do ye this piece of ſervice, aſſuring my ſelf that a man of your

merit

merit can ſoften a Womans temper as he pleaſes, and make her like Wax fit to receive any Impreſſion; your moſt humble Servant Sir.

[*Exit laughing at him.*

D. Anton. This plaguee Jilt has undone me: what ſhall I do; ſhe has quite ruin'd my Intrigue, unleſs I inſtantly prevent it, hah—here ſhe comes— Down haughty thoughts and tongue, now do your office, Charm her with tender and obliging words, and make her heart like Gold within a Furnace; Melt down before the Language of my Love.

Enter D. Elvira.

D. Elvira. Heavens! Is this Impoſtor here ſtill? } *is going out &*
D. Anton. Oh! do not fly me 'till you hear me } *he ſtops her.*
ſpeak; by thy dear ſelf that art the Soul of Goodneſs; what *Lucia* has poſſeſs'd thee with is falſe.

Elvira. No, baſe ungratefull wretch, 'tis you are falſe.

D. Anton. I, falſe, did you ſay ſo, Madam? Is't poſſible, if I am falſe the Sun it ſelf is ſo, firm Rocks are as unſtable as the Sands, and Sacred Oaths like Guſts of yielding Air; Nature her ſelf is falſe if I am ſo, and breeds the Ranck Infection in her Sons.

Elvira. Unheard of Impudence, can you deny that you have Courted *Lawra?*

D. Anton. No, but that I've done it ſince you gave me hopes, is falſer then you think me.

Elvira. This will not paſs upon me, Sir.

D. Anton. Nothing ſhall paſs upon you but the truth; *Lucia* is my inveterate Enemy and was firſt Cauſe of my Addreſs to *Lawra*, brought us together, and on my Conſcience would have held the door t'have given me any opportunity.

Elvira. Nay you do well to rail at her.

D. Anton. Hang her, I hate her for her lying more then any thing, for I am true as thou art to thy Virtue, as the Magnetick Needle to the North, or the Diall to the Monarch of the Day; and love thee with that fixt, fierce, conſtant Zeal, that true, unbounded, unabated Paſſion, that I ſigh, languiſh, dye, when I am from thee; and when I'me with thee, waſte my life with Extaſie: there's never a part about thee but Inflames me; thy Beauty charms my Eye, thy Wit my Senſe, thy Hand my Heart, thy Shape my Imagination; oh! thou art the white world of Love and Rapture, and ſhould I loſe thee I ſhould Rage with Madneſs, Rave, Range abroad, Stab, Murder all I met; Plunge through all Miſchiefs; ſo Deſpair, ſo Dye, and ſo be loſt,
Therefore have Mercy on me, I beſeech thee——— [*Kneels.*

Elvira. Now for my Soul can I hold out no longer, he moves me with ſo much bewitching Grace, my Heart's not proof againſt it: Well Sir, upon your ſecurity of making this out, once more I will receive ye.

D. Anton. Bleſſing on thy heart, my Dear, Dear, Dear.

Elvira. But if I find you are Intreagu'd with *Laura*, no merit ſhall Pleade for ye.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Is not the Lady wondrous pliant Sir, d'ye not finde her coming, ha, ha, how's this! —— he's Kiſſing her hand, and familiarly,——'tis ſo: This Cunning Devil has brought her about again.

Elvira. Madam, indeed I muſt beg your pardon, the trick would not do, I found out your meaning.

D. Anton. No Madam, the Trick won't do, d'ye hear, we know better Things I thank ye—— ha, ha, ha, ha.

D. Anton. Ha, ha, ha, ha.——

[*Exeunt Laughing at* Lucia.

Lucia. Thus ſtill we ſee how Love does baffle Wit,
Then let no Woman rail at Mens deceit,
Since their own frailty does aſſiſt the Cheat.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Don Fernand, *and* Leon *led by a Servant.*

D. Fern. YOu have told me things ſo ſtrange and full of Wonder, that it even ſhocks my Sence to Credit 'em.

Leon. Sir, I have not Life at ſuch a certainty, that I ſhould get the Courage to deceive ye—— ſo let my Soul have peace as all is true.

D. Fern. Sirrah, if the Young Lady be ſtirring, go and tell her, I deſire the favour of a word or two. [*Exit Servant.*

Leon. And happy I am to eaſe my Loaded Conſcience, which elſe had ſunk me beyond all redemption.

D. Fern. Then I am not your Son.——

Leon. No Kin to me.

D. Fern. Nor to your Wife *Megæra*, ſpeak the truth, for I have ſent to apprehend her, and ſhall know all.

Leon. You have no Blood of either of us in ye, but are indeed the Legitimate Son and Heir of *Don Sebaſtian* and *Eugenia*.

D. Fern. Then *Don Auriel* here is my Uncle.

Leon.

Leon. He is so, Your Fathers Brother, and who believing you long since Murder'd, at this Instant has possession of an Estate of yours, worth thirty thousand Dollars, *per annum*.

Enter Lawra.

D. Fern. And this Beautifull Lady is my Sister, since she is the Daughter of *Don Sebastian* too.

Leon. Most certainly, if she be so Descended.

Lawra. These are the Sounds of Joy; oh let me share 'em.

D. Fern. And with them take a Brothers tender Love, and boundless Joy for this Discovery; I am no Son to him, but to *Sebastian*, and thou art my Dear Sister, [*Embracing her.*

Lawra. Oh! I wish to Heaven it prove so.

Leon. Madam, it shall and Easily, and by such certain tokens as are Infallible, which shall be render'd when you think convenient.

D. Fern. In the mean time be Secret in this business, as you will answer it with your Life, for I would have nothing known 'till I have made the Plot ripe for discovery.

Leon. Sir, the desire I have to make some amends for my past Crimes by this good Action, bindes me to Secresy more then your threatnings; as for my Life, 'tis to me not valuable; I have deserv'd to lose it.

D. Fern. Go in and rest your self, and when I send for ye to prove these Wonders, then stand forth and speak boldly.

Leon. I will and truly too, that be assured of. [*Exit* Leon.

D. Fern. And if the proofs fall right, as I have some Reason to believe they will, what Happiness can equal mine?

Lawra. Or mine, to finde that Worthy man my Brother, whose Virtue has preserved my Life and Honour.

D. Fern. As I for ever will, which shall to day be try'd, for now is *Don Antonio* big with hopes of the Intire possession of *Elvira*; this is the Wed ing-day, the Friends are all Invited, amongst the rest my self, and *Hymen* ready with up-lifted hands to Bless 'em, but e're that happen he and I must talk, I've a tale to tell him first; You are now my Sister.

Lawra. Pray Heaven his wild Humour urge him to no Extravagance.

D. *Fern.* I'le venture his Extravagance, but no more of this; Do you in the Instant write a Letter to your Mother to be there, who will certainly not fail to come, seeing your Character; that done let me alone with the rest, I'le settle all things right or strangely miss my Ends.

Lawra. You are the best of Brothers, and of Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Garcia, Don Ariell, Lopez, Diego, Megæra, *with Officers.*

D. Ariell. My Lord, I Confeſs my Shame, and the Sorrow that I have to pleade for ſuch an ungracious Villain, is a great torment to me; But yet my Lord tho' he be a Rogue, he is my Son ſtill; tho' he does deſerve to be Hang'd, as to ſay the truth he does, yet the Villain is my own Fleſh and Bloud.

D. Gar. And you would have me get a Repreive for him, But *Signior* do not you conſider that this is Stifling of Juſtice, and Encouragement to Criminals to proceed in their wicked Courſes, we ſhall be Robb'd as we walk the Streets, if ſuch miſchiefs as theſe go unpuniſht.

Ariell. That's True my Lord, that's very true, let him be hang'd then like a Son of a Whore as he is, a damn'd Varlet that could not ſtay at home, and take the Mathematicks in a Civil way, but he muſt range abroad, and take purſes upon the Kings high-way like an abominable Raſcall—— Yet my Lord— 'tis *Diego* ſtill, [*weeps*
'Tis my Son and heir, I have ne're another to heir my Eſtate, be pleas'd to Conſider that my Lord.

D. Gar. Is the Captain within friend?

Serv. No my Lord Juſt gone out as your Lordſhip enter'd.

D. Gar. Then we ſhall want part of our Witneſſe againſt this old Hag here; Oh thou blind ſhrivel'd Witch, thou Rotten Remnant of infected Nature, whoſe vices are more in number then thy wrinkles; yet thoſe innumerable, what canſt thou ſay to lengthen that poor minute by Courſe of Nature thou haſt yet to live.

Meg. I ſay, if I muſt be hang'd ſo *Diego* be freed, and the reſt of my Comrades dangle with me, for my own part I'me well enough Satisfy'd.

Diego. Then you expect they ſhould be hang'd to keep you Company, with a pox t'ye.

Meg. Why troth, it is but reaſonable Child, but for thy Part I have Nature that pleads for thee, I confeſs I would have thee freed.

Diego. Nature, ds'heart this old Sibill will perſwade 'em I'me kin to her anon.

D. Ari. Nay you deſerve hanging richly both of ye, ſhe for an old Milch-Witch for hatching the villanies, and thou like a young Cub-Devil for Sucking her Teate, for you muſt know my Lord ſhe was once his nurſe.

Diego. Ay, if it had not been for her, in my Conſcience I had been the honeſteſt fellow of a Theif in all *Spain*.

D. Gar. Very likely indeed you do your ſelf great Juſtice Sir.

D. Ari. Lookee there now, my Lord, the Boy repents, he ſhews Contrition, I beſeech your Lordſhip endeavour to ſave him.

Meg. Sirrah hold your peace you had beſt. [*to Diego.*

Diego. No, I'le ſee ye hang'd firſt, ſhe was the firſt that brought me in-

to the Trade,— [*weeping* And when I made *Salvato* the Fryer drunk, and Robb'd him of fifty Dollars, ſhe like a Wicked Beldam as ſhe was held the Candle to me. [*howling*

D. *Ari.* Lookee there now my Lord, ah poor *Diego!* [*howling like him.*

Meg. Sirah, no more of that leſt you repent it.

Lopez. For which you both deſerve a Rope fifty Cubits in length, and two Inches diameter.

D. Ariel. Nay prethee dear Counterſcarp hold thy peace now; I never knew a Mathematician that had any Charity in him: my Lord, let me beg your Lordſhip to conſider my Son, *Diego* my Son and heir, my only Son *Diego.*

Diego. If your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to conſider me, ſhe ſhall be hang'd up with all my heart my Lord.

Meg. Oh Raſcall, no gratitude, no nature, then all ſhall out i'faith.

D. Ariel. If he were not my Son, my Lord, I would not be ſo urgent.

Meg. Why then to unfold a Miſtery, which now is ripe for diſcovery, know my Lord that he is not your Son

D. *Gar.* Not his Son, whoſe is he then? ſpeak truth upon your Life.

Meg. He is mine, my Lord.

Diego. The devil I am.

Ari. Thy Son, why this is a Riddle, and impoſſible.

Diego. Ay Ay, 'tis impoſſible, s'bud do I look as if I could be her Son?

Meg. Signiour, 'tis moſt true, nay my deer Child thou ſhalt not want a decent hanging for want of telling a truth child.

Diego. Child, a pox o' your Child; I'le be none of your Child, not I— I ſhall inherit nothing but the Gallows by being kin to ye,

D. *Gar.* Woman let's hear the truth: can you make this out?

Meg. Clear as the Sun my Lord.

D. *Ari,* Say ye ſo—pray begin.

Meg. Signiour, you remember that about ſome twenty years ſince, you hired me to be a Wet Nurſe to a ſon you had then newly born.

D. *Ari.* Well I did ſo, 'tis perfect in my memory.

Meg. That little Infant, carelefsly ſleeping one night I overlaid, and when I wak'd, found it Dead and Cold in the bed by me.

D. *Ari.* I'ſt poſſible?

Diego. I tell ye no, this Witch will Lye for an hour together, there's no believing her. [*kicks her*

D. *Gar,* Peace *Diego*, woman go on.

Meg. Fearing to be puniſht for this accident I buryed it privately, and preſently ſent for one of the Sins of my youth, a Child of my own that was born but juſt 3 weeks before, and nurſt him up in the others ſtead, which very Babe of Grace, is—

D. *Gar. Don Diego* there.

Meg. The very ſame my Lord.

Diego. The very Devil take ye for your news: what will become of me now?

D. Ariel,

D. *Ari.* Here's a Plot, here's a Confounded Plot for ye; And can you prove all this woman?

Meg. Moſt plainly Sr, the Midwife is yet alive, and his father good man, who is now in Office in *Madrid* here, and is employ'd as keeper to his Majeſties Bears.

D. Gar. What think ye of a Reprieve now *Signiour*?

D. *Ari.* Nay, I might have known he had been none of mine by his villanous inclinations; he was always for keeping Company with Beggers and *Banditti*, and ſuch ſort of Cattle.

Diego. Good Father get me but off in this busneſs and I'le learn the Mathematicks moſt vigorouſly, I'le have all *Algebra* at my fingers Ends within a Month.

D. *Ari.* No friend, you ſhall be hang'd, I have nothing to ſay t'ye friend.

Diego. Dear kind Father.

D. *Ari.* Ye Sawcy Raſcall, d'ye take me for keeper of the Bears?

Lopez. Or Imagine the Noble Science will deſcend to inſtruct a Rogue of the *Banditti*, hum———

D. *Gar.* Officers take 'em away, and as the Law paſſes on 'em let 'em Suffer.

Diego. Will you let me be hang'd then, have you the heart to do't?

D. *Ari.* Moſt Couragiouſly faith, I'le be Spectator my ſelf; but becauſe I will be Civil, having once receiv'd you as my Son——

Diego. Ay, come I know you can't forget me.

D. *Ari.* I'le order my footman to take Care of your Corps, you ſhall not lye under the Gallows, I'le ſee you buried decently.

Diego. Buried decently——Is that all?

D. *Ari.* All, ay, and too much too, Raſcall, Officers take 'em away, the fellow grows impertinent.

Diego. Why then *Diego* you muſt Swing for't that's all I know of the bus'neſs.

Officers. Come along, along, troop.

Meg. Come Child, I'le be by thee to Comfort thee. [*Diego kicks her.*

Diego. Out you Witch you, Gentlemen there's another I muſt ſpeak with before I ſuffer: 'tis *Leon* the Captain of the *Banditti*.

Enter Chriſtina *and the Corigidore, with* Friſco *and* Ruffino, *Priſoners.*

Don, Gar. With all my heart, you ſhall have fair play Sir.

D. *Ari.* Nay, by all means let the Bear-Cub have a fair Tryall.

Corig. My Lord, the Judge Expects the reſt of the Priſoners, which I inform'd him were in your Lordſhips Cuſtody, theſe two have had their tryalls already, and are condemn'd to be hang'd.

Diego. Ay, ay, 'tis So, I muſt truſs for't, there's no remedy, I was told by

by a fortune-teller a great while ago, that I should be Exalted at my latter end, but I little thought it would have bin upon a Gibbit. [*weeping.* But come 'tis all one, I can cry no more for't, if I were to be hang'd forty times over; all my hopes are in *Leon*, if he [*in another tone.* fails I'me a lost man.

D. Gar. How now Mrs *Christina*, I hope you are not brought hither as a delinquent, hah.——

Corig. No, my Lord, this Gentlewoman was sent for by that fellow, to be a witness for him, who when she came, was found to know nothing of the business; and he instead of discovering something to save his life, has been haranguing her for an hour together with an impertinent Story of his Love, and what a mighty passion he had for her, in such a ridiculous manner, as set all the Judges and the whole Court a laughing.

Christin. If your Lordship will be pleas'd to observe us a little, the Scene will be worth your notice,—— truly Sir I cannot but grieve extremely to see you in this condition. [*to* Frisco.

Frisco. Fate Madam has it's particular Power over humanity, I should have been truly glad to have liv'd for your sake, but the Stars have dispos'd it otherwise. [*affectedly*

Christin. Let 'em for ever be blotted from their Orbs that could consent to your unhappiness.

Frisco. Kind Generous Lady! Oh that my line of life were but a little longer.

Christin. Alas! I fear the line's too long already.

Frisco. You mean the Cord.

Christin. Oh fatal word!

Frisco. Have patience thou quintessence of all perfection, I'le tye the knot under my Ear so cunningly it shall not hurt at all.

Christin. Oh! if I see you cling about the Gibbet or make any wry faces I shall dye.

Frisco. Thou shalt not dearest, thou shalt not, I will hang as I have liv'd with method, form, and Gravity.

Christin. Sweet Sir, perhaps your hand may shake, shall I tye the knot for ye; alas! I would not have it slip for the world.

Frisco. Ah—— Madam that were to expose my Courage to the Censure of the Vulgar; no, no, I must have the honour of tying that my self.

Christin. But if it should chance to slip, and you should fall down, and mingle with the nasty Mobile, I were no more a woman of this world.

Frisco. So kind, so tender of my reputation; well, I protest her Virtues have made me so womanish, that I could almost offend my honour and be persuaded not to be hang'd for some few years yet.

Christin. But I know you will not, your honour is more dear to ye then your Life a thousand times—— besides you know the business is done presently, 'tis but a good hearty Jerk Sir.

Frisco.

Friſco. 'Tis no more, and to perform it with more ſatisfaction I will fancy, I hang for thy ſweet ſake, and ſo Jump off the Ladder with Reſolution.

For as to Robb, that dangerous Art
Shows certain Symtoms of Stout heart;
So Stoutly hanging by th'ſame Rule,
Shows Magnanimity of ſoul.

Chriſtin. And I ſhall retain it in my memory eternally, that a Generous Lover was hang'd in honour of me, and indeed it is the only infallible proof a perfect Lover can make according to a famous Author.

For he that hangs or beats out's brains,

Friſco.——The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Gorig. Come come, have ye done yet, the time paſſes?

Chriſtin. You will have time enough, oh my fortune.—— [*feigns to weep.*

Friſco. Sweet Madam—— [*ſobbing and crying.*

Chriſtin. Dear Sir—— [*loud.*

Friſco. Adieu. [*louder ſtill.*

Chriſtin. Farewell.

Friſco. Never ſo true a Love had fate ſo ill. } *Exit Corigidore*

Chriſtin. Farewell and be hang'd, and there's } *with Priſoners.*
an end of my Leſſon: Hah, hah, hah, what think ye my Lord, ſhould not I make a pure Citizens Wife, don't I diſſemble rarely.

D. Gar. Moſt artificially, there's great diverſion in't, but prethee how goes my Sons Wedding forward? Hah——

Chriſtin. Moſt vigorouſly, they only want your Lordſhips Company.

D. Gar. Which they ſhall have as ſoon as my Legs can carry me thither; Come *Don*, you ſhall be my Gueſt. [*to* D. Ariell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Domingo *and* Grillon. [*Muſick Playing.*

Grillon. Hey, where's the Groom of the Chambers?

[*One within.*] Here—— what's the matter?

Grill. The matter ye Lazy Sot, you muſt go burn ſome perfumes in the State-Room; my Maſter ſays it ſmells like the hold of a Ship, with the Fidlers ſtewing there this morning;—— and where's this damn'd Cook too?

Domin. You are a man of Great Imployment to day, *Signior Grillon.*

Grill. There's nothing to be done without me Sir,—— and d'ye hear, tell the Butler they want Sherry in the Parlor, and bid him by the

the way ſend me a Tankard of it, quipt with Nutmeg, Sugar, and a Toſt, to encourage my good Service this Morning.

[*One within.*] You ſhall be hang'd firſt; ye Rogue; would ye be Drunk before dinner?

Domin. Ha, ha, they are a little unmannerly with ye methinks, *Signior.*

Gril. Ah! 'tis waſhing a Blackamoor to teach ſuch dunces breeding, but what are theſe? ſome more Friends, I warrant come to bid the Bride and Bridegroom good morrow.

Enter Don Fernand *and* Lawra, *well dreſs'd and mask'd, and* Leon.

Domingo. Captain, your humbe ſervant.

D. Fern. How does my good friend? Is your Lord here?

Dom. Not yet, but expected every minute.

D. Fern. Pretbee order ſome body to diſpoſe this Lady where ſhe may ſee the Company, and not be diſcover'd her ſelf.

Grillon. Alas Sir, ſhe may walk into the publique Room ſecurely, for there are other Ladies with Masks on.

Lawra. Pray heaven I've Courage to contain my paſſion; this Muſick and theſe Joyfull preparations ſhould have been all for me, had I been happy.——

D. Fern. Have patience deareſt, all ſhall be well, I warrant ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia *with a Letter and* Lucia.

Lucia. Are you ſure, Madam, this is my Cozen *Lawra*'s Character?

Eugen. Moſt certain, without the leaſt ſcruple of a doubt.

Lucia. And does ſhe write ye word you ſhall ſee her at this Wedding?

Eugen. To that effect, but in what condition heaven knows, perhaps expos'd to Infamy and beggery, it may be, great with Child by ſome baſe groom, ſome ſlave that holds a Trencher: oh my ſhame! grant me true patience ye Immortal Powers for ſuch a ſight as that would make me deſperate.

Lucia. 'Tis very ſtrange, and that ſhe ſhould come to *Antonio*'s Wedding with *Elvira*, knowing how matters have formerly paſt betwixt her ſelf and him, is to me a Miracle. [*aſide.*

Eugen. If ſhe ſhould prove with Child.

Lucia. She muſt be deliver'd, that's all I know of the matter; ſhe is your daughter, Madam, you are oblig'd to keep her.

Eugen. What keep my Scandal, ſtain the honour of my houſe with ſo ſhamefull a blot, keep a Whore in my Family, 'tis monſtrous.

Lucia. There are a great many monſtrous Families in *Spain* then.

Eugen. With Whores in 'em.

Lucia. Whores, ay, Mothers and Daughters, Siſters and Nieces, up to the

the third and fourth Generation of them, that have Charity, and abhor all Civil Rule and Government.

Eugen. Thou art so Wilde an Ape, there's no talking to thee.

Lucia. I had rather be a Wilde Ape my self here, then lead Apes hereafter, for all that.

Eugen. Leave your prating, and come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Fernand, *and* Don Antonio.

D. Anton. Captain your business with me, must be of a strange Consequence indeed, that can countervail the Odness of this Action; You have disturb'd all the Company within.

D Fern. Sir, I would not willingly disturb any one, but some of the Company are Concern'd in my present affair, which is as you say of strange Consequence.

D. Anton. The Tenor of it I beseech ye, I am impatient.

D. Fern. Oh Sir, Patience will be a very necessary Virtue for ye in this Juncture; To be brief, I hear you design this morning to marry *Dona Elvira.*

D. Anton. D'ye only hear so, I thought you came a-sone of my friends and guests to see it done and to assist at the solemnity.

D. Fern. No Sir, I came to no such friendly purpose, I assure ye; and to be plain with ye, let me tell ye, you must not marry her.

D. Anton. Must not marry her?

D. Fern. No, not whilst I live, that's positive.

D. Anton. 'Tis very positive indeed, prethee let me see thy Eyes: do they hold their usuall Aspect, art thou not Crakt i'th Brain? faith, I much fear thee.

D. Fern. Sir you shall find I can both talk reason for my Self, and do reason to my Sister.

D. Anton. Thy Sister, prethee who's that?

D. Fern. A Lady Sir, whom you have wrong'd, and one whose Virtue must have Justice from you.

D. Anton. I wrong his Sister, Madness in the height.

D. Fern. You shall not find it so Sir, nor shall the liberty you take on Women of tainted fame, and looser Conversation be now your warrant to affront my Sister; I will, and I am oblig'd to see you right her.

D. Anton. Did not the doubt I have thou still art mad, keep me in bounds, I should grow very angry, have I not knowledge of thy obscure Birth? dost thou not owe thy fortune to my father, whose Generous pity from the Abject Earth, lifted thee to thy present State of life? and dost thou talk of wrong done to thy kindred, by me, who never knew 'em, or should delpise 'em if I did.

D. Fern. Sir, let me tell ye then, I am of a family as Noble as your own, as famous on Record, and as free from Scandall, till your Wilde

passions

passions dasht a blot of ignominy, by injuries done to my unhappy Sister.

D. Anton. Still on thy Sister, whence came my knowledge of her? what, and where is she?

D. Fern. Here Sir, do ye know her?—— [*brings out & unmasks* Laura.

D. Anton. Know her yes, and what's more, now know thee for a Villain that would'st betray the honour of a Gentleman under the pretence of doing Justice to a Traitress, a Jilt that set her Bravo's on to Murder me. [*Draws*

Laura. Oh heavens!

D. Anton. Draw, and be quick in thy defence, or by the Eternal Ruler of the Skies, I'le kill thee in that posture, unguarded, unprepar'd, at all advantage.

D. Fern. Hear me speak first, it may be you may know you are mistaken.

D. Anton. I'le not hear a word, nor answer thee but this way.

[*Fights here.*

Enter Don Garcia, Don Ariell, Engenia, Elvira, Lucia, Christina, *and other Guests and Officers.*

D. Gar. How now, what's the Matter?——part 'em there.

Engen. My Daughter there, and with a Stranger: oh my Distracted Soul!

D. Fern. Madam, have patience a little, you shall speak to her anon.

D. Gar. Captain, how comes it you are thus Engag'd, have you forgot me?

D. Fern. No my Good Lord, nor think that I can ever.

D. Anton. My Lord, if I am sharer of your blood, give me but liberty to Chastise that Villain, who would have betray'd me to an Engagement with that Infamous woman, and tells me, she's his Sister.

D. Fern. She is so, and once more I dare affirm as nobly born as you are.

D. Ariell. How! what my Neice his Sister, what are you then Sir, ha—what are you?

D. Fern. The son of *Don Sebastian*, and that Lady. [*points to* Engenia.

D. Anton. Riddles, Riddles——

Eugen. The more I look on him, the more I see the features of my husband printed on his face.

D. Fern. I am that *Fernand* that in his Infancy was taken from his Nurse, and suppos'd Murdered, as indeed she was: how I have liv'd, and through what fortune run e're since, shall be made out as Clear as the light, and hereafter you shall find Dear Unckle you have only been my Guardian all this while, to look to thirty thousand Dollers *per annum*, which you must refund dear Unkle; I'le tell you that by the way.

D. Ariell. I shall have a fine business on't, I have already lost my son,

and ſhall now loſe my Eſtate, if this Geer hold, but this muſt be prov'd Sweet Sir, this muſt be prov'd.

D. Fern And ſhall ſweet Unkle, never doubt it.

D. Ariell. Unkle a Pox, I'le be none of your Unkle, I begin to Sweat.

Eugen. Oh! if thou art my Son *Don Fernand*, be quick in the diſcovery, that I may take thee in my Arms, and there Expreſs a Mothers Joy for ſo unlookt a Bleſſing.

D. Fern. Leon come forth, and what thou know'ſt diſcover.

Enter Leon *with* Diego *Guarded.*

Leon. I will, and ſpeak no more then I can prove.

D. Gar. The Captain of the *Banditti.*

Leon. The ſame my Lord, one that can only be the Inſtrument of this Gentlemans Reſtauration.

D. Ari. How, how, let's hear how——I ſweat confoundedly. [*aſide.*

Leon. About Seaventeen Years ago, I with ſome of my Comrades, hunting about the Skirts of *Madrid* for booty, overtook a Woman with ſomething in her Arms, which one of us thinking it to be a Prize of Money, or ſomething of Value, inſtantly Seiz'd, and to Secure her from crying out, gave her a Stab in the Breaſt, there left her, and fled to my houſe where I now live, where finding our ſtrange Miſtake, and that it was a Boy inſtead of a Bag, one of us would have kill'd it, but at that time pitty in me prevailing above the reſt, I hinder'd their purpoſes, and bred him up as my own, 'till lately he went from me,—— ſince when he beſt can tell what has befall'n him.

D. *Fern.* From whence, I Liſted my ſelf a Souldier, and then came to offer my ſervice to your Lordſhip, to whom I told all I knew of my own Story, as you may well remember.

D. Gar. Sir I do, and it agrees ſo juſtly with this relation, that I begin to think the man ſpeaks truth.

D. Ariell. Would he had been born dumb, oh I've an Ague upon me.

Diego. This Rogue can remember nothing of me now, I warrant.

Leon. To confirm all, ſee this convincing proof, an Agat-Seal that hung about his neck, on which was cut his fathers Picture, and his Coat of Arms, here is the very Mantle he was wrapt in with all the little trinkets that he wore.

Eugen. The very ſame, by heaven, I know 'em perfectly, oh my dear *Fernand*, now I no longer doubt thee, thou art my Son, and I am more then happy.

D. Ariell. Now I'me in a Feaver—— worſe and worſe, I ſhall dye now.

D. Fern. Things going thus Sir, can you think my Siſter is to be left and ſlighted after Meetings, Oaths, and Promiſes?

Lucia. Mind that Madam.—— [*to Elvira.*

D. Anan. If thou perſiſt in this, I once more will defy thee, her very

name's

name's a diſeaſe to me, think'ſt thou I ever can forget the Inhumane Stab was given me in the dark?

D. Fern. Intangle not your ſelf in your own web, to my knowledge ſhe never hurt ye Sir.

D. Anto. She never hurt me, and to your knowledge, who was it then?

D. Fern. 'Twas I.

D. Gar. Theſe are wonders, and ſtill more intricate.

D. Anton. You! did you do it, were you the lurking *Bravo* that ſurpris'd me, at ſuch a baſe advantage, and dare you own it too? this is an Impudence beyond example, no man that wears a Sword——

D. Fern. Sir you may talk, but never be i th right, 'till you have heard me out——I did it 'tis true, but ignorantly.

D. Anton Ignorantly.

D. Fern. Your Ear a little, and yours my Lord—— [*they whiſper.*

Leon. Introth *Don* I am ſorry that this diſcovery of mine lights ſo heavy upon you, but you muſt have patience, 'tis the effect of your own ill fortune, my tongue was only an Inſtrument——

D. Ari. Ah Curſe of your Inſtrument 'tis a very unmuſical one to me I'me ſure,—— but hark thee, come hither, I know that thou art a fellow of a ſtrong tough Conſcience; Do but Swear all back again, play but an *Oates* or *Bedloe* for me, and do it heartily as they did, and I'le give thee five hundred Duckets upon my honour.

Diego. And doſt hear friend, do but Swear me to be Son to any thing but the Bears or that Witch there, and I'le make it up a thouſand.

Leon. 'Tis a great Eſtate to loſe ſo, that's the very truth on't *Signior.*

D. Ariell. A great Eſtate, why thirty thouſand Dollars a year man; a Maſs, a Maſs of Money, ah well fare little *England*, i'faith there for half ſuch a ſum I could have pickt up three or four pretty Lads, fellows of Spirit and Mettle that ſhould have Swore a Crow a Capon; a Pig a Dog; a Horſe a Camel; Black White; Foul Fair; Day Night; the Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars to be farthing Candles at eighteen in the Pound; rather then ſuch a Cauſe as mine ſhould have been loſt, when there was money to be got.

Leon. There's many a Lawyer would bawl ſoundly for't *Signior*; and for your part my noble *Diego*, faith 'tis a little ſcandalous to have the Bears claim a part in your family; you had better have been of the Huntſmans ſide, and kin to a Dog by the fathers ſide, then one of thoſe; hah——

Diego. Ay, but if it muſt be a Dog, let it be a Shock, or ſome pretty Lap-Dog that was litter'd upon a Cuſhion in a Ladies Cloſet, or ſo, I would fain be got by as Gentile a Puppy as I could.

Leon. Hah, hah; well, have patience Gentlemen, for to tell ye the truth I can do nothing but by advice; I muſt have *Don Fernando* conſent e're I can do any thing.

Diego.

Diego. 'Tis likely we should have his consent; well, since it must be so 'tis but hanging at last and there's an end on't. *Exit.*

D. Ariell. There's no dealing with these Rogues when the know a man has need of 'em: well I shall see the Starve for this that's my comfort; I never knew a Rogue that turn'd honest but did.

D. Anton. Then you know nothing of the business?

Lawra. Nothing Heaven knows, but wonder'd when I saw ye, and in the midst of my Distracting fears you lying all bloody on one side, and my Mother calling out for Lights on the other, I thought of nothing else but it was she had done it, and I was to be the next to be so us'd; whereupon so strong a fear Seiz'd over all my Spirits that I fled from her house: The remaining story of my life my Brother can inform ye.

D. Fern. Which has been Strange but not dishonourable.

Eugen. Come to my Arms oh my hearts Second Jewell, and let me Smother with Eager kisses, I have been too severe but this shall mend all.

Elvira. I have been Charm'd with so much Admiration, it half has made me speechless: but Madam, know I am at last reserv'd to do you truest Justice, your Story and past Love I have heard from your kinswoman here, and therefore do before all this Company Surrender to you all the right and interest I have in this Gentleman: for sooner shall the Sun forget his Course, or the Gay Goddess of the night her Rule, then I consent to marry with *Antonio.*

D. Anton. Now are my Joys, at full, and I more happy then all the World besides, this e're could make me: oh give me pardon thou wrong'd Innocence, and take to thy bosom once more a Repenting Creature, that must be worse then damn'd if thou refuse him: Father, Uncle, every one I beseech ye pleade for me,——and thou most Generous of men, dear Brother, forgive my idle passion, and from henceforth live in my heart my Second best of Friends. [*to Fernand Embracing*

D. Fern. 'Tis all I wish for, and am yours for ever, which to Confirm, once more receive this hand. [*gives his Sister.*

D. Anton. Not to be taken from me, but by Death. [*Kisses it.*

Lawra. Amen, I beseech Heaven!

D. Gar. For my part, I am well enough pleas'd, since *Don Ariell's* Estate there can make her the same fortune.

D. Fern. Which he'l consent to I'le warrant ye; come Unkle, cheer up, you shall not want an Estate whilst I live.

D. Ariell. Pox of that *Banditti* Rogue, would he had been hang'd Seaven years ago: But heark ye Gentlemen, d'ye think a man can't finde a flaw in this business? Is there no flaw to be found think ye? I would be loth but to have Justice done however.

D. Fern. No no, Dear Uncle there are no flaws to be found, I assure ye.

D. Gar. No flaws *Don*, no flaws.

D. Ariell. No, why then allow me but a Bottle of Sack every day, and

and a Toſt, and a Place at the Upper End of the Table, and take my Eſtate a-Gods-Name; But a Plague of That Rotten *Banditti*, that I ſay ſtill.

Enter Corigidore.

Corigi. Don Fernand, I am ſent from the Judges to tell ye that his Majeſty having heard your Story, and read your humble Suit, has in favour of you granted a Reprieve to *Leon*, and alſo has mittigated the reſt of the Offenders Sentences, who now, inſtead of hanging, are only to be Whipt, and Baniſht, and if you'l take the pains to look out, you'l ſee 'em coming along.

D. Gar. Diego, Friſco, and the reſt, I warrant, 'twill be worth ſeeing—— [*they look out.*

Enter in ſeveral Poſtures ſtript, Diego, Megæra, Raſino *and* Friſco, *after all gravely bowing to the People on both ſides, being Whipt along by the Officers, paſs over the Stage.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.——

D. Fern. The King has only taught me by this Gracious Condeſcetion to know how much I am indebted to him.

D. Gar. Captain, I am glad, and Congratulate your fortune, which would have a great addition, if this ſweet Lady had the will to Grace ye.

D. Fern. When I am worthy to deſerve her favour I ſhall have hopes.

Elvira. Sir, I was never yet a foe to Merit, and you have reaſon to hope as much as any man.

D. Anton. The Fortunate Misfortune now is prov'd, and I the Cauſe of all theſe various Chances, have reaſon to admire and bleſs my Stars.

Conqueſt of Towns which Kings by bribery have,
Are nobler won in Storming by the Brave;
And as through dangers, greateſt fame we meet,
So Love through moſt Misfortunes proves moſt ſweet.

The End of the Laſt Act.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Fristo*, Just return'd from Whipping.

WHipping, that lately has accustom'd been
To cure the Rebell-Gout, gives me the Spleen;
I grumble, and my Genius falls to Work,
To scan how many here deserve the Fork;
First, to Reflect then, on the Marriage bliss,
That vast Incomprehensive happiness.
He that is y'a Modest Beauty Tok'd
Coast, fair, and tho' ill us'd, yet not provok'd,
And with a Tumbling Whore is taken Napping,
Deserves a Flanging from White-Hall to Wapping;
As for the Wit, tho' Guilty of the Same,
Out of Respect, I not so far Condemn:
Twice up and down the Mall shall serve for them.
For they alas! may get a Cough with Heating,
The Hummums in a Month can't cure with Sweating;
Whore that grows vain by Cully's fond debauch,
Should never Scape, altho' she kept her Coach;
The very Coachman should turn back upon her,
Remembring how he took her in the Manner,
And lash no more his Mares but Jerk her honour.
As for poor Jade that home on foot does Limp,
Picking up here a Prentice, there a Pimp;
When Winter comes, 'twill be fine Beating Hemp,
An Exercise that's Phisicall they know:
And nothing better to keep Pulces low:
Citt, that in Cheapside, for a Saint does Pass,
Yet turns a very Fiend at Charing-Cross,
That Shams his Neighbours with a Zealous Life,
Yet Games, Drinks, keeps his Whore, and beats his Wife:
Against that Prigg I've all the Modest Votes:
That Rascall should be Lash'd as fary as Oats.
Nor should Vain Critticks (faith) Scape Publique Shame
But first be taught to Judge, e're they condemn.
'Tis to the Stage they even their Genius owe
For College-Rules were made their Wit o'reflow
Dunces come back as Genuine as they go.
Oh that each Member, that Sits here to Judge,
The uncommon Labour of this Scribbling Drudge;
To do us Common Justice should be bound,
To be well lash'd, or mend the faults he found.
Then if when failing, he like me were warm'd,
Lord! how this hopefull Age would be reform'd.

FINIS.